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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

JULY, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

EXIT N.R.A. NOW WHAT?

THE N.R.A. is gone. With it, for the moment, has gone the hope of social and economic reform. But, if we don't get reform, we shall get revolution, soon or late. Recovery without reform will not do. Seven devils will return in place of one. Nothing is settled, says the axiom, until it is settled right. A natural resumption of business and of international trade, a healthy condition of the stock market (if that chronic invalid can ever be anything but sick), the taking up of the slack in employment (some slack! with 10 or 12 million potential workers unemployed) the abolition of the dole as prosperity returns—all these things will not save us. The most traitorous utterance that a man may make in the present juncture is "Everything will be all right again: Business as usual." Such a one cries "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace. He is an enemy disguised as a patriot. So were the artificial optimists who in 1928 sang the beguiling refrain, "Prosperity is just around the corner." Let us not pull the wool over our own eyes; the world will never be the same again. The War and the Seven Years' Depression mark an epoch in human history, just as surely as the Emancipation of the American Colonies, or the guillotining of the Bourbons.

Reform or Revolution

To repeat: Recovery without Reform will be a greater calamity than Depression. It will be as though a sinner were to get absolution without contrition. He thinks he is just where he was before his sin, but the truth is he has added sacrilege to his account. If the world resumes where it left off in 1928, with no reformation, its last state will be worse than the first.

UNFORTUNATELY no one at Washington seems to know just what to do. The English papers tell their readers (let us hope without surreptitious satisfaction) that the American political leaders are "bewildered." Our own newspaper correspondents add that the Administration is not only bewil-

dered but in a bad temper. That's a pity. This is no time to get angry. When Mr. Roosevelt called the enemies of the A.A.A. "liars" and when he declared that the Supreme Court decision had thrown us back into the "horse and buggy age," he didn't reassure those of his fellow citizens who still like to think him a statesman. We expect our President to remember that line of Rudyard Kipling—more pragmatic than poetic—"If you can keep your head when all about you," and so on.

Steady! Mr. President

The situation must be embarrassing for those who used to shout the slogan, "Roosevelt or Ruin!" and "N.R.A. or Nothing!" We should not pin our faith on one man. That way lies Fascism or Nazism. Even if Roosevelt fails, America abides. Since N.R.A. is ruled out, something will be found to take its place. In one way or other, we *must* achieve social reconstruction. Ordinary folk, like this writer, have been called "Alarmists" and "Communists," for saying such things. But unordinary persons, the Pope for example, have said as much and more. The absolute need of social reform is declared and emphasized in the *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo and the *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pope Pius quite as forcefully as in *Das Kapital* of Karl Marx or in the Communist Manifesto. Reform must come. If the business world will not have the papal brand, it will in the end have to take something less palatable. Neither the business world, nor the social world can revolve backward, any more than the land-and-water world can start turning the other way 'round. At least it cannot be done without a rather considerable disarrangement of the universe. In a slight earthquake the bric-a-brac is shaken off the mantlepiece. If the social world turns backwards, something more than bric-a-brac will be shaken off the face of the earth. Chesterton says somewhere, "The answer to the statement 'you cannot turn back the hands of the clock' is that you can." Yes, you can but if you do you may ruin the clock. No, the revolution must go on—clock revolution, earth revolution, social revolution. If the world is wise it will accept the Pope's plan for a smooth, peaceful orderly revolution in line with the laws of Nature. If not, the world will get such a jolt as will make the worst earthquake seem like a ripple on a pond.

THEREFORE, let us hope there will be no excessively loud huzzas over the deathblow administered to the N.R.A. by the Supreme Court. The proper spirit in which to receive that blow was indicated by the President when he first broached the experiment. "If this plan doesn't work," he said, "we shall try something else." It really is too bad that he didn't have a competent legal adviser at his elbow three years ago. What the Attorney General was thinking of, I cannot imagine. N.R.A. was so obviously and absolutely unconstitutional as to warrant unanimous repudiation by the Supreme Court. Why then did not the Attorney General see that it was legally impossible? What kind of brains are in the "Brains Trust"?

No Unholy Glee

But that episode is over and done for. We must get another plan, as Lincoln used to get another general when one had made a fizzle of the campaign. But oh! for a Lincoln.

Big business—yes, and for the greater part, little business — rejoices in the abolition of the N.R.A. The government had no business to go into business, they say. We can take care of whatever reform is necessary. There was no need of a code superimposed on industry by the government. We can arrange codes of our own. As for a "Brains Trust," there are better brains in business than in politics. You may trust us to clean our own house, Mr. President. As for cheats and chiselers, we can devise ways and means of dealing with them. We yield to no man in our desire for social and economic justice. We have not abolished ethics from business. To which I imagine the President may reply in the famous phrase—famous if not fancy—"Oh Yeah?"

Now It's Up to Business

EVIDENTLY it is up to the merchants, the manufacturers, the bankers, the employers of labor to make good. They have been complaining against federal interference, and explaining that if the government would only get off their chest they could get up. Very well, let's see you do it, says Mr. Man-in-the-street. Now that the Supreme Court has cast off your "shackles," show us what you will do with your freedom. But remember, recovery is not enough. The world expects reform. If the effect of the abrogation of the N.R.A. turns out to be a renewal of cutthroat competition disguised as "rugged individualism," manipulation of prices by big business to crowd little business out of the field, overproduction followed by high pressure salesmanship, lowering of wages with an increase in the hours of work, and in general all the unethical and merciless practices that brought on the depression and prolonged it—if all these economic sins and crimes are committed again, even a patient people like the Americans may get very angry. If they do, it will augur ill for private enterprise. Our people don't like Fascism, still less Communism, but either one of these scourges may come upon us if things are just the same as before, and business is as usual.

At the beginning of our national career, in a great political crisis, there was a saving slogan, "Unite or Die!" We now face an equally great social crisis, and the saving slogan for the new day is "Reform or Die!" A word to the wise, if ye be wise, ye masters of business and commerce and manufacture. In the Good Book there is a warning, "They have eyes and see not." Beware lest the people say of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Schwabs, the Mellens, the Mitchells and all others of that ilk, "They have brains and use them not," or still worse, "They have brains and use them to evil purpose." To Capital and Industry the people give warning. Be good, and you may live long. But if when N.R.A. goes out all the old evils come in, it will go hard with those who take their fingers off the pulse of the people and fail to take the nation's temperature.

PERHAPS some of the above remarks might seem to indicate that I regret the decision of the Supreme Court. On the contrary, I am one of those who rejoiced at the vindication of the Constitution. To tell the truth, I have been alarmed at the recklessness with which the good old ship was being battered

about. I was one of those who emitted a yelp of delight when Senator Byrd of Virginia declared, "There is enough of Thomas Jefferson in me to insist that no Federal official shall invade or ignore the constitutional rights of the citizen." Bravo! The Constitution must be defended even against its official defenders. The Scripture asks *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who shall watch the watchmen? As it happened, the Supreme Court was watching them and like a good watchdog it barked at the right moment. To put the matter in other words, our liberties must not be confiscated to be safeguarded; no one may take away our freedom on the pretense of keeping it for us. Such is the plan of dictators. We don't want it and will not have it. But if we Americans won't endure political dictatorship, neither will we abide an industrial or financial dictatorship. We should hate to have to choose, but if we must, I think we shall decide to surrender our rights into the hands of a president, rather than into the hands of a group of wealthy tyrants.

To be specific, N.R.A. or no N.R.A., there is one evil that we will never endure again. Let me express it in the words of Pope Pius XI.: "In our days not alone is wealth accumulated but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few, and those few are frequently not the owners but only the trustees and directors of invested funds, who administer them at their good pleasure.

This Must Not Happen Again

"This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will. . . .

"Free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place. Unbridled ambition for domination has succeeded the desire for gain; the whole economic life has become hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure. . . . The State, which should be the supreme arbiter, ruling in kingly fashion far above all party contention, intent only upon justice and the common good, has become instead a slave, bound over to the service of human passion and greed."

That's the sort of thing that makes bloody revolutions. We don't want a bloody revolution, so we won't stand for that, ever again.

Consider this in the meetings of your Boards of Directors, you who now rejoice that the control of business is taken out of the hands of President Roosevelt and placed once again in yours.

IN line with the devout exclamation which occurs some pages back, "Oh! for a Lincoln," there is a theory held by certain pious preachers that when the world needs a great man, God invariably sends one. A pious theory, I say, but fortunately not a dogma of the faith, for it would strain the reason to believe it in face of historical fact. If ever the world needed a Big Man it was at Versailles in 1918. Some "wishful thinkers" believed that in Woodrow Wilson we had the man-who-measured-up. The poor peo-

ple of Europe hailed him as a kind of savior. But in truth no Big Man was at Versailles. The fateful treaty was perpetrated by a group of miniature Talleyrands, fourth-rate Metternichs, Richelieus, Mazarins. Hence the present debacle of the civilized world. The right man at the right moment might have changed the face of the earth instead of merely changing the map of Europe. The War was wasted—nullified by the peace. No master-mind loomed up to direct the proceedings.

The Right Man Always Comes?

However, there have been instances in history where the providential man appeared. But the tragic fact is that usually he was not recognized. The Supreme Example, of course, was Our Savior Himself: "He was in the world . . . and the world knew Him not; He came unto His own and His own received Him not." It is the common fate of all martyrs. They are sent by God for the world's welfare, but the world will have none of them. The world is not worthy of them, but the world acts as if they were not worthy of it. They have a message and the world will not permit them to deliver it. There is vast meaning for every nation in the lament of Jesus spoken to Jerusalem, "If thou hadst but known and that in this thy day the things that are to thy peace, but they are hidden from thy eyes."

Take the matter now of paramount importance, the life-or-death question of social reform. As far back as 1891, Leo XIII. tried to tell the world what was to its peace. But the present Pope had to reiterate the message after forty years, because so few paid any attention to it when it was delivered. Pius XI. says as much: "The noble and exalted teaching of Leo XIII., quite novel to worldly ears, was looked upon with suspicion by some, even among Catholics, and gave offense to others, for . . . it was so far and so unexpectedly in advance of its time that the slow of heart ridiculed the study of the new social philosophy and the timid feared to scale its lofty heights. Nor were there wanting those who, while professing their admiration for this message of light, regarded it as a utopian ideal, desirable rather than attainable in practice."

But I do not intend in these present paragraphs to go over that story again. I cite that instance as but one of a multitude which go to show that the world is curiously blind to the existence of its benefactors. It cries for a savior and crucifies him when he comes.

THERE is, however, a matter quite as important to the world as that of social justice, the matter of the proper sphere of political power, the question of the limits of the rights of the State. That question is now being threshed out in Russia, Germany, Italy and Mexico, not to speak of countries where the problem exists in a less crucial form and where it is being worked out less dramatically.

The Chief Political Evil

Yet this whole matter was gone over and the only wise solution presented four hundred years ago. The prophets who might have saved the world if the world had listened to them—saved it indeed not only from the predicament in which it found itself at that time, but from the one in which it is now again placed—the

prophets were Thomas More and John Fisher, recently canonized.

In 1535 when Henry VIII. launched anew the theory that the State is omnipotent and its authority absolute in the external and internal forum, those two martyrs arose to resist him. But sixteenth century England like first century Jerusalem did not know what was to her peace. The king had his way and the modern totalitarian state—the worst of all the evils that now bedevil the political world—was inaugurated. More and Fisher were silenced by the method euphemistically called "direct action." Following the fashion in vogue when kings were kings, Henry commanded "Off with their heads!" It was too bad, for those were good heads, and if they had remained on their proper shoulders, the history of England, of the world and of religion might have been happier. We might even have been spared the present portent of Leninism. The hurried reader may detect no connection between Henry VIII. and Lenin. Anglophiles will be horrified at the attempt to lay at the door of England the blame for State absolutism such as now exists in Russia, Germany and Mexico. But the Fascist and Bolshevist theory that the State is superior to the Church and that religion is national, emanates from England and dates from Henry VIII. True, the fatal policy *cujus regio, ejus religio* which may be loosely translated "the State dictates the religion of the citizen" came out of Protestant Germany and perhaps we should give Luther instead of Henry the dubious distinction of being the pioneer of modern State absolutism. Henry hated Luther and affected to despise his theology. But the two agreed on the theory that the king might tell his subjects which religion, if any, they should profess.

St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, Pray for Us Now!

IT was resistance to that heresy that made More and Fisher martyrs. The charge against them was treason and if they had really died as traitors they could not have been canonized as martyrs. But "treason" was only a pretext. Their offense was really theological. They died for the principle "We ought to obey God rather than men." As it happens, the canonization of these two martyrs is, whether by accident or by design, very timely. For today, in Russia and Germany and Mexico, martyrs are suffering and dying, and in half a dozen other countries men and women are enduring persecution for the same cause as John Fisher and Thomas More. In fact, the world over, the same vicious politico-theological theory enunciated by Henry VIII., the theory of the absolutist, omnipotent, totalitarian state seems to be in the ascendant.

IT is well to dispose of the common but mistaken notion that More and Fisher died because they opposed Henry VIII.'s divorce of Catherine and his marriage to Anne; or because they refused to recognize the right of succession of an illegitimate child of the adulterous king. It cannot be denied that opposition to Henry's divorce was an occasion of the king's wrath. No one crosses a king in his love affairs, still less in his affairs of carnal passion, without grave danger. The fate of John

Not the Divorce

the Baptist is the classic instance. When the prophet pointed the finger at Herodias and said to Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have her," he issued his own death warrant. Now, Herod was an Oriental despot and to our way of thinking Orientals are particularly hot-blooded and abnormally lustful. But where that fierce and shameful passion is involved, there is little difference between Orientals and Occidentals. King Henry VIII. took six wives and killed two of them. Herod murdered a good many relatives but only one wife. At any rate, to cross Henry Tudor when his blood was hot—hot with lust and with anger—was tantamount to placing one's head upon the block.

Not the Succession

However, as it happened, the bishop and the chancellor did not die in direct defense of the Sacrament of Matrimony. Nor did they die for refusing the oath of succession: the bishop was willing to swear to the succession of Anne Boleyn's child if an oath were offered him demanding simply that and nothing more. The chancellor took the same attitude as the bishop. If the king was determined to place an illegitimate child upon the throne of England, and if the people didn't care, it was no business of St. John or of St. Thomas. Is there not a maxim that a nation gets the kind of ruler it deserves? If the Lords and the Commons and the people were willing to have an adulterer for king, logically they could have no objection to a bastard's occupying the throne after him.

But—and here was the murderous trick of the king and of his dummy parliament—he asked More and Fisher not only to swear away the right of Catherine's child to the throne, but in the one same oath to repudiate the spiritual jurisdiction of the pope in England, and to recognize the king as supreme head of the Church. Obviously, Catholic doctrine was in question. There is only one supreme head of the Church, the pope. He is just as much head of the Church in England as in Italy or Ireland. Any deviation from that truth ultimately leads to the theological madness which the Nazis are now preaching in Germany, that the religion of a nation must spring from the soil of that nation. On that theory, nothing good can come out of Nazareth except for Nazarenes. Christ being a Jew can have no claim to the worship of Gentiles. Being an Asian, He dare not ask faith from Europeans or Americans. Henry didn't see that conclusion. In fact at the time he was killing More and Fisher he wasn't seeing much of anything except the "vivacious black-haired, French-speaking" Anne, sister of his mistress, Mary Boleyn. But the conclusion is there even though the king couldn't see it. The insane Ludendorff in Germany to-day sees it. The insane are frightfully logical.

"Treason" the Always Convenient Accusation

I HAVE called totalitarianism modern. But the modern is often nothing but the resurrection of the ancient. Ever since the days of the Cæsars, and indeed before the days of the Cæsars, in Egypt under the Pharaohs and the Ptolemys, in Babylonia, in Assyria and Persia, the king was head of Religion as well as head of the Government. So was the emperor in Rome. The Christians in the Roman Empire could have remained

unmolested if they had recognized Jesus as the God of Palestine, but Tiberius as the god of Rome. "Bring in your gods, from Syria, Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Gaul, and from the northern forests," said the Romans; "put the statue of your god alongside those of our gods and of all the other gods in the Pantheon. But understand: the Roman gods are supreme in Rome. In Rome you shall do as the Romans do; bend the knee to Jupiter and to Cæsar."

The Christians answered, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism!" Thereupon came the three hundred years' slaughter. But "Mark you well," the Romans said, "we put you Christians to death not for your religion but for treason; not for your worship of Christ but for your refusal to worship the Emperor and the State." For a similar reason Henry had St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher beheaded.

PARENTHETICALLY be it remarked, the cry of the Nazis for a German god is the fulfillment of a prophecy we Catholics of America have made time and again. Anti-Catholic organizations have arisen in this land and have insisted upon a "native American" religion.

A "Native" Religion

We have always answered, "If you are to have a native American religion, you must resurrect the heathen gods of the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Aztecs and the Incas. The "native Americans" replied with scorn that we were making ourselves absurd, and indeed the argument was intended to be a *reductio ad absurdum*. To tell the truth, we hardly expected that anyone would be foolish enough and sacrilegious enough to throw over Christianity in favor of heathenism because of the demand for a home-grown religion. But we have learned that nothing is too absurd for fanatics.

HENRY VIII. wanted an English Church for the English people. He was an advocate of "nationalism," the extreme nationalism that demands that even religion be native. Also an Englishman should be head of the English Church. To be specific, that Englishman should be himself. The king of England was to be pope of England, and when later not a king but a queen sat upon the throne, England had a female pope. It was to this mad theology that St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More were commanded to swear assent. Because they refused, they were sent to the block. They died not for a political principle but for a theological principle.

IN the usurpation of spiritual power by the temporal authority you have the ultimate accomplishment of the Omnipotent State. Recently in Mexico the principle was enunciated by a leading politician speaking for the dictator Calles, "We must enter into and take possession of the consciences of the children." In England under Henry VIII. and in half a dozen countries since his time, the State has insisted upon its right to enter into and take possession of the *conscience* of the people. The State tells them what to believe, teaches them theology, writes their catechism. To the State they shall look for salvation in this world and in the world to come. If the State feel so inclined it will deny that there is a world to come. In Russia, the State officially and hypocritically announces that religion is a private matter, but lets those who

make it a private matter starve. In Mexico the children are taught to chant *"Uno, dos, no hay Dios."* The pupils greet the teacher with the morning salutation, "There is no God," and the teacher must reply, "There never was a God!" In a word the State takes the place of parents, priests, pope, and Christ. Christ says, "To Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, to God the things that are God's." The totalitarian state says, "To Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's *and* the things that are God's!"

This is obviously not Christianity. It is Cæsaropapism; it is Josephinism, named for Joseph II. of Austria, whom Frederick the Great nicknamed "Our Brother the Sacristan" because as Emperor of Austria he demanded that all his political proclamations should be read from the pulpits; dictated the number of monasteries and of the monks in them, the number of pious confraternities and sodalities that should be allowed to exist; even the number of candles to be burned at the altar; the length and style of the sermons, the prayers and the hymns. Pope? Yea and more than pope!

The State Is the Church?

Be it noted that when the State takes over the Church it knows no limit, it usurps all power. In Mexico, in Russia the State destroys all religion. In Germany the State erects an *official* Church and tolerates a heathen organization on the side. What wonder that the present Holy Father complains, "We see making headway a concept of the State which is not the Catholic concept. The State is absorbing and monopolizing everything."

Against that concept St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher protested and in consequence lost their lives. Even to-day this is a cause worth fighting for, dying for. Americans claim to be zealous to keep the hands of the Church off the affairs of the State, but it is even more important to keep the hands of the State off the affairs of the Church. Those who see that truth will appreciate that the canonization of More and Fisher was timely.

THE FOURTEENTH COLONY

By Charles Willis Thompson

WHEN the American Revolutionists called their parliament the "Continental" Congress and their army the "Continental" Army, they expected the Revolution to be continental. King George's empire contained the whole continent of North America from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, as far westward as the Mississippi. There it encountered the northern outposts of the South American empire, which was Spain's. The uninhabited western wilderness, unknown, unexplored and mostly undiscovered, remained to be fought over when the northern and southern empires should come to the inevitable grips, but that was for the far future.

The word "continental" had, therefore, a vast significance. Its use implies no foolishness of imagining on the part of the rebels; it was no vision, no dream, it was an accomplished fact that the empire was already continental. What remained was only to substitute a new flag over it for the one that had always waved on these shores. Indeed, if the question had been raised of which outcome was natural and probable—so probable as to be almost certain—it must have seemed that t h e r e was neither rime nor reason to any croaking pessimism about a split in the empire.

There was such a split, however. In the Revolution the first British empire cracked into two parts, an outcome not to be foreseen. To-day North America, instead of being one empire as it was under King George, is divided into two between the Arctic and the Gulf and between the Atlantic and the furthest extremity of that western wilderness, the then hardly known Pacific. The United States is not "continental," except in the same limited sense that the other sharer in the continent, Canada, is.

The thirteen revolting colonies assumed, without much question, that the fourteenth would go where the others had. When their troops advanced into Canada, whether in small force under Ethan Allen or in armies under Arnold or Montgomery, they described themselves as deliverers come to bring the fourteenth colony liberty. It was not hypocrisy; they really did so consider themselves. What is more, their reception was encouraging and favorable, so far as the common people were concerned. Never, throughout the waxing and waning of their hopes, did they meet with any popular opposition from the Canadian rank and file. No wonder it took so long to blast the rebel expectation that their new league—not yet a new nation—would be in very truth "continental." The war broke out in April, 1775, and it was in July, 1776, that General Sullivan got the wreck of what had been Montgomery's army safely to American soil and out of reach of the pursuing Carleton. It was the end, but the Continentals could not believe that the empire was to be divided, and kept hoping, to the end of the fighting in 1781, for the ac-

cession—seemingly so natural and logical—of the fourteenth colony. The purpose of this article is to inquire into the causes for the unexpected division of the first British empire into two North American nations. No longer are great events easily disposed of by ascribing them to one simple cause and happily resting content there; history nowadays is not so easily content.

The Canada of Revolutionary days cannot even be considered as a whole. There were three factors in its momentous inertia. The two minority factors won the decision. The people were not opposed to joining the Old Thirteen, and many of them favored it. The seigneurs and the clergy—with rare exceptions among the latter—were against it. The determining class was the smallest of all. It was the insignificant British "army" under Sir Guy Carleton; and even that found the decision still hanging in the balance until the British fleet arrived.

The division must be cut still finer. The words "the clergy" need examination. With another Bishop than Jean Briand they would have lacked the driving power that made them militant. He was a warrior, and both inveterately hostile to Protestantism and fearful of its power. It is a curious reflection that he was made Bishop of Quebec only six years before the outbreak of the Revolution, and that if there had been sent instead one of those "philosophic" priests with whom the French Church was then honeycombed, we would see, in Carlyle's phrase, "the whole course of history running changed." Bishop Briand was a seventeenth century, rather than an eighteenth century, priest. He not only gave direction to the clergy's normal distrust of Greeks bearing gifts, but he sharpened their nascent feeling into a sword of proof and wielded it with certainty wherever the battle raged hardest. Dissentient priests were disciplined and silenced, and so were those who were so much as lukewarm, while the people were threatened with excommunication if they faltered.

With all this, Canadians still entered the American army; not numerously, for they were not as yet personally interested in the quarrel. But the war was young yet. General Haldimand, Carleton's successor during the war, a keen-sighted and reliable authority, said that if there had been a legislative assembly in Canada that colony would have joined the Old Thirteen at the first opportunity. There was none; the British Governor was the despot of Quebec, a benevolent despot, but unfettered and unchecked.

The American hope that the empire would remain "continental" was ended, for the farseeing, in one year. The war broke out on April 19, 1775, and it was on May 6, 1776, that the first three of the British warships arrived off Quebec; and as soon as Carleton saw them he called for volunteers and marched out of besieged Quebec to attack the Americans. The sight of the warships had brought on panic, and they fled without a fight. They did not leave Canada until June, but the end had come.

Meanwhile another cause had begun to operate. Whatever favor the Canadians had felt like showing t o w a r d the rebellion had been weakened by their own experiences with it. The American army, which Montgomery himself had described in unflattering terms, included some worthless characters, and there had

been some looting. Worse than this, they had paid for supplies with the "continental" dollar, a currency whose purchasing power was soon appraised in the colonial expression, "not worth a continental." This was honest enough, if one remembers that the Americans themselves had to take it and that at this time they regarded the fourteenth colony as part of the indivisible empire; but the Canadians took a more realistic view of their own immediate needs. Consequently those near the city of Quebec, originally rather pleased than otherwise with the arrival of these new customers, had been growing sullen and antipathetic, though still not hostile. And they began to pay more attention than before to the exhortations of their priests.

On this point it is to be noted that the Canadian habitant yielded implicit obedience to the clergy in all spiritual matters, but not in political ones. He was rather disposed to resent any political advice from them, a fact which even Bishop Briand encountered when protests rose from every quarter of the province against his pastorals. Some of them even "had the courage," says Dr. Guilday in his *Life and Times of John Carroll*, "to resist him when he deprived all the disobedient of the Sacraments; they lay buried in unconsecrated ground in the cemetery of St. Michel de Bellechase until 1880."

A blunder by the Continental Congress supplied the Bishop with a weapon which he immediately seized and used with great political effect. This was before the Revolution had even begun, in 1774. The first Continental Congress, meeting in that year, undertook to play politics with the religious issue and made a frightful fizzle of it. Almost simultaneously it issued addresses to the people of England and of Canada, seeking support in both quarters, and in each address it included the difference in religion. To the English it denounced the Quebec Act, passed that summer, as establishing in Quebec "a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and disbursed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through all parts of the world." To the Canadians it expressed confidence that "difference of religion" would not prevent "a hearty amity," and added, "You know that the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause above all such low-minded infirmities."

"Low-minded infirmities" may seem to describe exactly the address to the English, adopted only five days before (October 21, 1774). Yet the first Congress, in forging this terrific weapon for Bishop Briand, did it light-heartedly and with no suspicion that it had done all it could to doom the indivisible empire before the fight began. It was playing politics, seeking support from all quarters without regard to consistency—and it was composed of novices in politics.

It must be remembered that there was no such rapidity and universality in the spread of news as there is now. The first Congress seems really to have thought it could whisper confidentially to one country without being overheard in the other. So far as the people were concerned, it was right, in a time when it sometimes took six months for a ship to cross the ocean and when newspapers were scarce. So far as the English people were concerned, it adopted the language

most likely to be seductive. The English were far more bigoted against "Popery" than were the Americans. In America Catholics were not yet allowed to vote or to hold office, though the Revolution ended that. But in England a priest who celebrated Mass was liable to life imprisonment and the informer against him got two hundred pounds reward; a Catholic who had been educated abroad as such could neither buy land nor inherit it; and the Catholics were otherwise oppressed by law to a degree unknown in America.

This very Quebec Act, establishing the Catholic Faith in Canada, had aroused more spectacular bigotry in England than in America, though it was America that was threatened by the other provisions of the Act. In America it had led to some utterances couched in the language we were recently familiar with in the mouths of the Ku-Klux Klan, but they did not come from officials and were not echoed by mobs. In England, however, the Lord Mayor of London, the Aldermen, and 150 of the Common Councilors marched to St. James's Palace amid a vast crowd and urged King George not to set up in Canada an "idolatrous and bloody" religion, telling him that the Act made no provision for the "true worship of God." In other words, it did not impose the Church of England on Quebec. The King made no reply, but that same day, as he went to Westminster to approve the Act, he passed through an enraged mob which yelled "No Popery!" at him. All this was on June 22d, only four months before the first Congress adopted its contradictory appeals to the two peoples.

American opposition to the Quebec Act was not solely on the ground that Canada was Catholic. The Act extended Quebec to the Mississippi and, what was even worse, to the Ohio. To the Americans this meant not only that they were still, after the victory of 1763, to have a French power on the north, this time supported and directed by the might of the British Government, but that it was to be extended over lands already beginning to be taken over by themselves. Their settlers and traders were already looking northward from Kentucky and westward from Fort Pitt. The colonies claimed this territory, which the Revolution was to give them, and Virginia and Pennsylvania in especial regarded themselves as holders of this western empire.

This motive underlies the most extravagant of the colonial denunciations of the "Popery" in the Quebec Act. Alexander Hamilton, then a boy of seventeen, asked in frenzied print, "Does not your blood run cold to think an English Parliament should pass an act for the establishment of arbitrary power and Popery in such an extensive country?" but it was the encirclement of the English-speaking colonies which excited him. "The Parliament," he cried, "was not content with introducing arbitrary power and Popery into Canada with its former limits, but they have annexed to it vast tracts which surround the colonies."

Powerful as this motive was south of Canada, it was of no interest to Bishop Briand. What he saw was the danger that a Catholic country would be merged in a more populous and powerful Protestant one; and while the question still hung in the balance, the Congress,

with its jejune attempt to play politics by talking confidentially in official documents, gave him a far more effective weapon than any in his armory. By the time the Franklin-Carroll-Chase mission reached Canada the clergy were supplied with an argument before which all its persuasions were unavailing. The mission met, wherever it went and whatever it said, this one question, a question it never could answer. It was in vain to say that the Congress was not bigoted against Catholicism, had no designs on the religion of Quebec; the answer always was to show the words of that all-too-clever address. And this was invariably done.

The Congress, meanwhile, had no suspicion of the reactionary effect of its behemoth splash into international differences it did not understand, and may be conjectured to have thought nothing more about it after having, as it presumably believed, launched a careless arrow into the air which might or might not reach a mark and was worth trying anyhow. The second Congress was in session and in full tide of activity when it first became aware that the first Congress had let loose forces which had come back to plague it. This news, both astonishing and dismaying, reached it on February 14, 1776, less than four months before the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and one month and a half after Montgomery's defeat in his attempt to storm the city of Quebec. The *Journals of the Continental Congress* thus records the bursting of this bombshell:

"The Committee of Secret Correspondence report that they have conferred with a person just arrived from Canada. . . . He says that when the Canadians first heard of the dispute they were generally on the American side; but that by the influence of the clergy and the noblesse, who had been continually preaching and persuading them against us, they are brought into a state of suspense and uncertainty which side to follow. That papers printed by the Tories in New York have been read to them by the priests, assuring them that our design was to deprive them of their religion as well as their possessions. . . . That he therefore thinks it would be of great service if some persons from the Congress were sent to Canada, to explain *viva voce* to the people there the nature of our dispute with England."

Thus originated the notable Franklin-Carroll-Chase mission.

The report to the Congress that "the clergy and the noblesse" had wrought a change of sentiment requires amplification. The so-called noblesse were the seigneurs, but the word seigneurs had not the same meaning in Canada that it had in France, and it did not necessarily mean nobles. It did not mean much more than "landed proprietor." The seigneurs had lost much of their influence with the growth of the population. Only a few of them were descended from the French noblesse, and those few from lesser branches. The seigneur, at the time of the Revolution, often plowing his own fields, or sometimes engaged in some such business as keeping an inn, had now only such influence as the landowner in any community has with the landless. But as Sir Guy Carleton himself expected great things from the influence of the seigneurs and was badly disappointed, whoever it was that made this report to the Con-

gress shared an evidently prevalent illusion. He would, if he had been gifted with hindsight, have given all the credit to the clergy; and not even the clergy could move the ordinary Canadian to any active support of the British. At this very time all Carleton's influence, backed by the Bishop's, had gained him less than a thousand Canadian recruits, and there were nearly as many in Montgomery's army.

The second Congress let no grass grow under its feet after hearing this alarming news. On the following day, February 15th, it resolved that a committee of three be sent at once to Canada. Two of them were to be members of Congress; the third was not, and this was to permit the inclusion of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the most influential Catholic in the thirteen colonies. He was not yet a member, though a few months later he took his seat and signed the Declaration of Independence.

The other members of the Commission were Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase. With the commission was sent Father John Carroll, later to be the first American Archbishop. Nominally not a member of the mission, in practical effect he was to be the most important figure of it, for as a priest he was to be the visible embodiment of the falsity of the reports which "the clergy and the noblesse" had spread among the Canadians. Father Carroll was an enthusiastic patriot, but he cherished no illusions about the probable success of the enterprise. He drafted a letter (whether or not he sent it, and to whom, is unknown) in which he said he should open his mind to Congress "and plainly tell them how little service they can hope to derive from my assistance." The reasons he gives include one which, whether he knew it or not, peculiarly apply to the differentiation the Canadians made between spiritual and political exhortations from the clergy:

"I have observed that when the ministers of religion leave the duties of their profession to take a busy part in political matters, they generally fall into contempt, and sometimes even bring discredit to the cause in which they are engaged."

Another of his reasons is prefaced by the statement: "From all the information I have been able to collect concerning the state of Canada, it appears to me that the inhabitants of that country are no wise disposed to molest the United Colonies, or prevent their forces from taking and holding possession of the strong places in that province, or to assist in any manner the British arms." On all these three points his information was correct, as the event proved. He then proceeds to show the unlikelihood of their taking up arms for the Colonies:

"They have not the same motives for taking up arms against England which render the resistance of the other colonies so justifiable. If an oppressive mode of government has been given them it was what some of them chose, and the rest have acquiesced in it."

Neither, he points out, have they yet tried the preliminary methods of petitions and remonstrances. For all these reasons he cannot conscientiously advise them to take arms. He went with the mission not to urge military aid, but to vindicate the revolting colonies from the charge of bigotry. That charge would never have been incurred if

the first Congress had been more grown-up in its ideas of statecraft. A blinding light on that Congress's capacity to deal with momentous problems is thrown in a letter from John Adams to Jefferson, long after the Revolution:

"They all appeared to me, in the circumstances of the country, like children's play at marbles or push-pin, or like misses in their 'teens, emulating each other in their pearls, their bracelets and Brussels lace. In the Congress of 1774 there was not one member, except Patrick Henry, who appeared to me sensible of the precipice, or rather the pinnacle, on which we stood, and had candor and courage enough to acknowledge it. America is in total ignorance, or under infinite deception, concerning that assembly. To draw the character of them would require a volume, and would now be considered as a caricatured print."

The commission was appointed in February, 1776; but the year before Washington's instructions to General Benedict Arnold had been explicit about "protecting and supporting" the Catholic religion in Canada. Arnold's expedition was in Canada before Montgomery's, and Washington's language to him on this subject was:

"So far as lies in your power, you are to protect and support the free exercise of the religion of the country, and the undisturbed enjoyment of the rights of conscience in religious matters, with your utmost influence and authority."

He went further. Among the hastily assembled and undisciplined volunteers there were, as Montgomery said, the sweepings of New York city streets and lazy malingerers from New England, and among them were sure to be rowdies and also bigots. So Washington ordered Arnold to be "particularly careful" to prevent any ridicule of the Catholic religion by such fellows, or any affront to priests. Arnold must, he said, "restrain every officer and soldier from such imprudence and folly, and punish every instance of it." These instructions are dated September 14, 1775. Nevertheless, after Montgomery had been killed and Arnold had been succeeded in command by less efficient generals, there were instances of affronts to and ridicule of priests from the worst elements in the army, and they contributed to the growth of that unfavorable attitude toward the Americans which had become manifest when the commission arrived.

Congress's instructions to the commission went much further than had Washington's to the army, as was natural, for he had no power to command that the Church government should be preserved—that was a civil, not a military, matter—and Congress had. It ordered that the ecclesiastical system in Canada "be left entirely" to Quebec. On the religious question the instructions to the commission read:

"You are further to declare that we hold sacred the rights of conscience, and may promise to the whole people solemnly, in our name, the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion, and to the clergy the full, perfect and peaceable possession and enjoyment of all their estates; that the government of everything relating to their religion and clergy shall be left entirely in the hands of the good people of that province and such legislature as they shall constitute; provided, however, that all other de-

nominations of Christians shall be equally entitled to hold offices and enjoy civil privileges, and the free exercise of their religion, and be totally exempt from the payment of any tithes or taxes for the support of any religion."

It was all too late. Montgomery, in his attempt to storm the city, had been beaten and killed on December 31st. Throughout the rest of the winter and the spring his army, which had united with Arnold's after taking Montreal, had lain before the Quebec walls, commanded by one inefficient general after another,—until the able Sullivan took charge of its remains,—a prey to disease and famine. Before the commission reached the army the first of the British warships had arrived, and what happened when Carleton issued from the city is thus vigorously summed up in Professor George M. Wrong's *Canada and the American Revolution,* published this year: "In this wild flight the army had become a disorderly rabble, with a deadly fear that if Carleton could cut off retreat he would massacre them as outlawed rebels." It was not a fantastic fear, for as "outlawed rebels" Carleton had consistently refused to receive any communications from their generals.

The commission arrived at Montreal April 29th; Carleton's sortie was on May 6th, and on May 11th Franklin left for home. He was over seventy; he was ill, in danger of death, and had written to Josiah Quincy a letter from Canada telling him so and bidding him farewell. His braving of the hardships of that journey through the wilds was heroic, but now he had given in. The following day Father Carroll, also homeward bound, joined him, and cared for the sick statesman on the way back. Franklin wrote that he owed his life to the priest. Chase and Carroll of Carrollton stuck it out a while longer, but the end of the attempt dates from Father Carroll's return on May 12th. The story of the commission in Canada is thus only thirteen days long.

Bishop Briand had forbidden the clergy to show any courtesies whatever to Father Carroll. One priest, Father Floquet, permitted the future Archbishop to say Mass in his house. For this Floquet was suspended *a divinis* for what Briand called his "bostonnais heart." The Bishop's invariable epithet for the Old Thirteen was "the bostonnais." In November, 1776, Floquet submitted to the condemnation and was reinstated. "He died the following year, the last of the Canadian Jesuits," says Dr. Guilday.

Chase and Carroll of Carrollton reported to Congress that the army was in a shocking condition and that Wooster, the commander, was incompetent. As for hopes of the fourteenth colony, they reported: "The inclinations of the common people are said to be in general with us, but they are timorous and unsteady; no assistance can be expected from them unless they find themselves supported by an army able to cope with the English forces."

It was all over. The fourteenth colony did not join the thirteen. The United States was "continental" only in name. The clergy of Canada, hewn into a spear by the Bishop who was the spearhead, had made history. "Bishop Briand saved Canada to the British Empire," says Dr. Guilday. If, in 1769, a priest less aggressive and militant had been named to the Quebec

post, the United States might now extend from the Arctic to the Gulf; and considering the condition of the French Church at that time, this might easily have happened. While France was growing toward anti-clericalism and skepticism, Quebec was at the opposite extreme; it was ultramontane. Professor Wrong, publishing his history in 1935, gives the historical summation in one sentence:

"It seems a strange paradox that, had Canada not then been French, it might not to-day be British."

A PARIS STREET

By Isabel McKenna Duffield

I KNOW an ancient, narrow street,
Winding, long,
Its mansions come to wavering walls,
Portals hanging loose,
Eaves touching eaves,
And windows cloudy, dim
With the breath of restless ghosts,
Watching, waiting, crowding close,
Once more the gilded coach to see
Wherein their King was wont to pass,
As on the wings of revelry
With flying pace and vivas glad,
Long live the King! Long live the King!
Lone echoes that have lost their way
In the mad march of everything.

Though once so large with fate
Naught now of majesty there is
In this old street,
Save one sweet fragile thing,
The Madonna in her carven niche,
Her little crown of Gothic stones
Steadfast under the trembling eaves,
Just as she was when the Kings passed by
With trumpet and call and banners waving,
Like fields of lilies in a pale blue sky;
Just as she was when Empire passed
From the brow of a new and chastened France;
Just as she was when Victory passed,
Risen again from a sea of tears;
Just as she is to-day—to-morrow—
Down the whole length of man's changing years.

THE RIDDLE OF MODERN WRITING

By Alan Devoe

BECAUSE I am one who is preoccupied with books and bookmen almost to the point of monomania, I read in the course of a week an enormous aggregate of newly printed words. Because I am deeply interested in modern style and technique and structure, I weigh and consider and analyze endlessly these myriads of written words. And because I am apparently a freak, an eccentric, perhaps an anachronism, I find myself profoundly displeased with most of them. There is no arrogance or Olympian loftiness intended here—no wish to pose as an iconoclastic sage. I am, in fact, frankly distressed by my curious inability to admire the books my friends admire, and assailed (as I believe no sage ever is) by profound and persistent wonderings as to what on earth is the matter with me. It has occurred to me that a painstaking exposition of my strange views may help to clarify my mind, and may even lead some lucid person to write an answering essay and straighten out my difficulties. It is my hope that this paper of mine, if it have no other thing to recommend it, may at least pass muster on the grounds that it has the charm of eccentricity.

It is my predicament to be a member of the twentieth century generation, and to entertain literary opinions which are shared solely by a few ancient and obsolete intellects that have carried over from the nineteenth. At a time when many of the most prominent writers are virtually monosyllabic, it is my bizarre taste to venerate the "long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence" of Walter Pater. I persist, absurdly, in reveling in that kind of nicely weighed and elaborately sculptured prose which the merest freshman in College English now knows enough rigorously to eschew. I prefer sentences to have both a subject and a predicate, and indeed I have a most preposterous veneration for all the forms of grammar. My ineradicably rooted conviction that a writer should not only know how to tell a tale but should also know how to *write* is obviously—in view of the works which to-day's critics acclaim—ludicrous in the extreme. To me can be applied that foulest of epithets, the adjective "academic." I have an unconquerable distaste for literary stunts, tricks and novelties. It is quite patent that I am, for all the youth of my years, a complete and irredeemable old fogy.

Were my inability for appreciation limited to such literary antickers as Gertrude Stein, James Joyce and e. e. cummings, I might still find an agreeable minority of discerning critics to agree with me, for the Stein-Joyce-Cummings literary stunting is of such a startling and revolutionary order that even in the forefront of our modern critics there are bound to be a few who will confess it has a somewhat lunatic look. But my distastes overflow these narrow confines. In addition to being entirely unmoved by the genius of "A-rose-is-a-rose," I find

that I am wholly incapable of sensing the grandeur of Ernest Hemingway. In William Faulkner I detect none of that sublimity which I persist in believing is necessary justification for the term "genius," and young George Milburn's generous employment of four-letter words of Anglo-Saxon stock fills me with shudders not of literary ecstasy but of simple biological nausea.

Language—to my fusty academic way of thinking—is an exceedingly difficult and intricate medium, and the skillful use of it is as subtle an art as any. An idea can be conveyed — roughly, approximately, slipshodly—by a very simple and unelaborate pattern of words, but it cannot be conveyed in all its subtle implication except by word-patterns most artfully contrived. The formation of a word-pattern for the conveyance of an idea or a mood or an emotion resembles, in my obsolete opinion, the creation of a mosaic, and of course I know that in confessing this I stand forth as old-fashioned as an antimacassar. To me, the very core and kernel of literary art is the ability to link words suavely and ingeniously, to mold and model with deft delicacy in this medium—so marvelously plastic and malleable—that is called language. Obviously, then, I cannot admire the literary craftsmanship of those modern writers who, like Ernest Hemingway, employ a prose that is hacked and hewn, stripped and pared, to the leanness and hardness of a bone. It seems to me that these writers, in their anxiety to avoid at all costs "the finely spacious and melodious phrase" have reached a point where they speak a vestigial tongue of monosyllables and grunts.

Let me quote here the initial sentences of that grisly compilation entitled *Winner Take Nothing:*

"It wasn't about anything, something about making punch, and then we started fighting and I slipped and he had me down kneeling on my chest and choking me with both hands like he was trying to kill me and all the time I was trying to get the knife out of my pocket to cut him loose. Everybody was too drunk to pull him off me."

This, it cannot be gainsayed even by one with my eccentric critical viewpoint, has a violent and effectively sickening vividness. It has also so drastic a dearth of commas as to approach unintelligibility unless read very slowly and attentively. And it has, as a third characteristic, an utter absence of scenic or other localizing detail which, while it undoubtedly aids the narrative to rush tumultuously onward without impediment, distresses the reader who revels in visual imagery.

This is the beginning of Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray:*

"The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

"From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the bur-

den of a beauty so flame-like as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid jade-faced painters of Tokio who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ."

I have been hooted out of several literary discussions because of my fantastic conviction that Oscar Wilde is a better writer than Ernest Hemingway, but so vast and serious is my blind-spot in surveying modern writers, and so distorted am I by my inalienable prejudices, that I am not able to detect the ridiculousness of the conceit. Mr. Hemingway I can perceive only as a meaty narrator, and it continues to impress me as unthinkable that a chronicler, a yarn-spinner, should be so blithely confused with a literary artist. The subtlety, the intuition, the gossamer legerity of touch which transform bald narrative into literary achievement, are to be discovered, it seems to me, only among those who have attained the neatest dexterity in the employment of words.

Naturally my anathema does not include every writer of the day. That word-wizardry which marks a genius of letters I have discovered on several occasions in the work of Willa Cather, and it has afforded endless amusement to my friends that I assert it also resides in many of the writings of Alexander Woollcott. It has been pointed out to me that Woollcott, like Wilde, is a "precious" writer, but my most recondite researches into this word "precious" only serve to convince me that it is a most desirable literary characteristic. It means, in so far as I have been able to learn, a certain finicking and fussing over words—a handling of words as though they were brittly made of fine porcelain. It seems to me incomparably finer to juggle porcelain with Wilde than flail a meat-ax with Hemingway. It is my peculiarity, and I am unable to explain it, to prefer those writers who write like writers, to their *confrères* who write like prize fighters or stock-brokers or deep sea divers. I prefer the John Cowper Powys who writes with exquisite sensitivity of "the non-human processes of dawn and noon and twilight, and the passing of clouds across the sky, of birds across mountain valleys, and of all the turbulences and taciturnities of winds and waters," to the Erskine Caldwell who essays in three monosyllables to create an entire mood. Powys, I have been advised, is "wordy," than which I can conceive no criticism more extraordinary. It is certainly the function of the writer to use words, and if those words, in whatever quantity, are employed with consummate subtlety and deftness it is surely a more notable achievement than the writing of one of those laconic skeleton-framework tales which my friends deem so masterful. It requires a minimum of talent to in-

vent and recount a tale, but in investing it with delicate implication and shrouding it in mood and wringing poignance from it there is need of the hand of genius. There is need, it seems to me, of a vocabulary.

One very prominent American writer who has been frequently and passionately recommended to me is John Dos Passos. Those friends who know my odd and archaic crochets about literature, and who accord me that patronizing tenderness which is reserved for the very old and the harmlessly mad, have assured me that although my distressingly academic mind may be at first a little bewildered by the Dos Passos manner, I must at any rate acknowledge and revel in his genius for describing sights and sounds and locales.

Accordingly I have read, with an earnest and laborious effort toward appreciation, a great many specimens of that variety of prose which Mr. Dos Passos designates as "Camera Eye" writing, and of which this fragment will suffice:

"When you walk along the street you have to step carefully always on the cobbles so as not to step on the bright anxious grassblades; easier if you hold mother's hand and hang on it, that way you can kick up your toes, but walking fast you have to tread on too many grassblades, the poor hurt green tongues shrink under your feet, maybe thats why those people are so angry and following us shaking their fists. They're throwing stones, grownup people throwing stones. She's walking fast and we're running, Her pointed toes sticking out sharp under the shaking folds of the brown dress."

Omitting the considerations that the language in which this is composed is manifestly not Johnsonian English, and that the punctuation is clearly a whimsical invention of the author's, bearing only the scantiest relation to the ancient orthodox art of employing periods, commas and colons, it is additionally obvious—to so hidebound and prejudiced a mind as mine—that the Dos Passos effort to conjure up a scene and to blend its details into a subtle creation of mood has dismally failed. It has failed—or so I think, to the derisive delight of my friends—because the author manipulates words with a clumsy and fumbling hand, and lacks that delicate dexterity and that aural sensitivity to language which are the necessary gifts of any notable stylist.

It has been pointed out to me that Dos Passos' writing has remarkable virility and rugged power. This point I freely concede, but it is one of my critical eccentricities to insist that virility and ruggedness are not enough. Dos Passos has no magic. Literary magic—the working of that enchantment and the weaving of that spell which it is reserved for genius alone to contrive—can be evoked and practiced only by means of a prose that is smooth and fluid, that is linked and patterned with suavity and balanced ease. Stockbrokers' market-letters and the fiscal reports of banks display often a stripped, tough muscularity of prose, and the terse clarity of catalogues is frequently apparent, but it can scarcely be insisted—except perhaps by members of a few newest and most baffling literary schools—that they attain the rank of literature. Prose must be infused—according to my antiquated

notion—with a certain ingenious interpretiveness, and words must be handled with a certain deft and dexterous artistry if an authentically literary achievement is to be produced. In his discursive essays, and in those books which are not technical, it seems to me that William Beebe employs a supple and gracious prose, at once meticulous and unstilted, in which he achieves that subtlety and vividness in conjuring up locale and mood that I am unable to discover in John Dos Passos.

"As I lay among such surroundings, hoping for a view of some of the jungle inmates, the dim light occasionally grew more dim—still more diffuse. Then there reached my ears the indistinct murmur of wind through moss, and following a sudden shower of drops from the saturated foliage, t h e r e came through the glade billow after billow of cloud, faintly veiling the jungle vista with blue. It had come down the valley from the snows high overhead. From the glaciers it brought a cold, humid chill, but on its way thither it swept through the higher forests of magnolias, and from the great swaying blossoms on the mountain sides a mile or more above me, many miles distant, it gleaned a burden of perfume, and now the air of the glade was filled with the sweetness."

My friends, who are so patient and gentle with me, have explained for my benefit that William Beebe is merely what they term, with an evident sneer, a "graceful" writer. He does not, they go on to elaborate, "get his teeth into" things, and they reproach him angrily for being airy and "slight" and "precious" and writing an emasculated prose. To these contentions, expounded with scrupulous logic and vast vehemence, I continue to remain most lamentably obtuse. I persist in the notion that my friends have fallen into an unfortunate confusion, whereby they mistake certain loud literary coarseness for virility of style, and erroneously imagine that a writer whose work is devoid of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables and the nastier biological factualities must necessarily be "slight" and "fragile." This, I know, is not reasonable of me, but such queer conceits are hard to lose. I cannot void my rooted conviction that the truly virile style is that which displays a strong and rigorous power in the difficult task of selecting and arranging words, and that such outward shows of masculinity as a parade of the profane and the obscene, and a preoccupation with the muck and the mire, are in fact the merest and most pitiful counterfeits. I cannot perceive, with my distorted vision, any convincing evidence of virility in that drastic limitation of vocabulary which permits the use of no words containing more than three syllables, and which is, at present, probably the most popular practice of our most earnestly masculine writers. In that hard, pebbly, laconic style now so widely in evidence—that style which is barren of any mosaic loveliness but which is salted and peppered to a fiery flavor with gristly little words of p h y s i c a l connotation—my ill-trained eyes can detect but one characteristic, and that characteristic is weakness.

I am repeatedly advised that the old academic forms of language are inadequate for full expression, and that the genius bursts the impeding

fetters of punctuation, of spelling, of grammar and kindred trivialities in order to attain new heights and freer scope. He who has a message of vast import to deliver, it is explained to me, cannot be bothered with the tiny finicky details of the archaic medium. This dictum, perhaps more than any of the others which I hear, leaves me blinking in pathetic uncomprehension. With my obsolete devotion to intelligibility, I am unprepared to appreciate with any critical intelligence whatever the work of these new, free intellects who have triumphed over the dull punctiliousness of orthography and syntax. It is not possible for me to expel from mind the recurrent thought that Macaulay, despite the drearily exacting necessity of beginning his sentences with a capital letter and terminating them with a period, managed to find the language adequate for expressing his ideas, and that, although similarly and cruelly bound by the petty demands of grammar and spelling, a perceptible measure of s u c c e s s in the conveyance of thought was achieved by Dr. Johnson, by Cervantes, by Shakespeare, by Spenser, and by quite an imposing number of other similarly fettered souls from Chaucer to the present century. It is very difficult for one with my academic restriction of mind to imagine that a writer must be free of every smallest vestigial trace of the mechanics of language in order to employ that language with telling effect. It is one of my fusty pedantic insistences that since language, and all its corollary practices of punctuation and spelling and grammar, have patently been built up for the express purpose of achieving clarity in written communication, there is a tinge of absurdity in that widely-held tenet that the language-structure must be abused and even disregarded if the fullest communicative clearness is to be achieved. It is this willful pedantry in me which has even led me incautiously to raise my voice—quickly drowned in choruses of derision—in defense of that moribund grammatic mood, the subjunctive.

It is only too evident, from the pronouncements of the modern critics, from the mode of modern writing, and from the vast voice of the people, that almost all my opinions are hopelessly eccentric. They establish me quite clearly as an anachronism, a phenomenal freak. But so ingrained are these crochets and these prejudices that I doubt if a lifetime will be sufficiently long to see them worn away. Hemingways and Faulkners will come upon the scene and disappear, and the Joyces, Steins and Cummings too, and I—perpetually bewildered old fogy—will sit in my figurative chair by the fire, and puff upon my long metaphorical cheroot, and will continue to extract peace and joy from the pages of those incurable old eccentrics who set forth their thoughts in forms of rounded sentences and had a fondness for the squiggly look, upon white paper, of a punctuation mark.

SONNETS TO BEAUTY

By Catherine Parmenter

I.

YOU who have been invoked so often—who
Have been so meetly praised and glorified—
You for whom man has striven and man has died
In resolute endeavor—you who knew
The farthest corner of antiquity
Now lost beyond the ages—who can grace
The resignation of some wise old face,
Yet who are ever young and fair and free . . .
Immortal Beauty! Finding immortal birth
In sky and sea and silver curve of wings—
In dreams ascendant from the humble things
That mark the ways of humankind on earth . . .
I, too, may sense the wonder—feel the flame—
I, too, may hear the whisper of your name!

II.

Beauty is love . . . All love is beautiful . . .
It matters not the substance or the form:
Your steadfastness will stand against the storm
Of the increasing years, nor will your fire cool.
For you Leander braved the jealous tide—
For you the battlements of Troy were felled—
For you the loyalty of David held
The unbroken pledge of friendship sanctified.
And you have shone through mother-eyes deep-yearning
Above a drowsy child—and through the dim
White passion dedicated unto Him
Who chose the cross-crowned road that knew no turning.
Yours is the treasury within the heart:
The beautiful of which all love is part.

III.

Present in birth's slow anguish—in the seal
Of tranquil silence on the lips of death—
In surgeon-hands having the strength, the faith,
The self-control to hurt that they may heal . . .
Present in the strange heroism hurled
Out of the hideous crucible of war,
Like a celestial bird released to soar
Beyond the tortured confines of the world . . .
Yours is the pity which shall never fade—
And yours the quiet courage bending near.
In places touched by sorrow or by fear
You walk so gallantly and unafraid!
Oh, Beauty, latent underneath the scars—
Lessening night with miracle of stars!

IV.

I have discovered you in little things
That haunt the rhythmic year: the wave's shrill beaching
Across smooth pebbles, like a voice upreaching
Through the dawn-coolness of remembered springs . . .
The slender fingers of the sun which trace
Warm threads of gold between the tremulous leaves . . .
Fragrance of mignonette . . . a wind that weaves
Its mobile pattern on the river's face . . .
A thrush's call within some lonely wood . . .
The tang of apples when October's blaze
Kindles a hundred hills and gypsy-ways . . .
And—while there steals through winter's solitude
Only the chant of spruces sobbing low—
A deer's sharp footprints on the virgin snow.

V.

. . . And I have found you where the pulsing beat
Of human destiny sounds bravely clear:
Yours is the song that even the least may hear—
The song imperishable, and replete
With the broad visions of your eager soul.
And it impels men onward till their eyes,

Searching the blue of the unfathomed skies,
May, for a moment, glimpse the perfect goal . . .
It points the star-hung way, and so sets free
Those who have heard—who are no longer blind—
And whose rare privilege it is to find
The consummation—the reality.
Beauty at dawn . . . and silent darkness fleeting . . .
Oh, song! Oh, light! Merged in your fragile being!

VI.

Surely there dwells in you unmeasured joy . . .
Yet have I quivered at the sudden smart
Of tears. Oh, let me lean close to your heart—
Refuge of mine which nothing can destroy! . . .
And let me share the mystery of pain
Somewhere revealed in all that you possess—
In everything of utter loveliness
That is your own: Now have I won again
Peace—like an answer to unspoken prayer . . .
And let your deep serenity embrace
My questing spirit for a little space . . .
But when is tossed into the April air
A robin's rapturous, unprotesting note—
This small, sweet ache will hurt against my throat.

VII.

And so you wake a dream of proud white ships
For those who want the sea—a dream of hills
For those in whom the hill-born yearning thrills . . .
You put a radiant song upon the lips
Of the inarticulate . . . Swiftly you bring
A light unto the blind . . . Your gentle hands,
Fraught with a tenderness that understands,
Bear consolation to the sorrowing . . .
Your ceaseless renaissance is shining through
The old familiar miracle of love—
And all the earth—and all the stars above.
Essence divine! . . . Incomparable you! . . .
Out of yourself—out of your infinite store
Of Beauty you will give Beauty evermore!

UNCHARTED

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

"Once only, by the garden gate,
Our lips we met, and parted.
I must fulfill an empty fate
And travel the uncharted."
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

THE roadster gave an exhausted pant and came to a dead stop. The man at the wheel uttered an eloquent monosyllable and jerked the choke back and forth. Neither remedy had any effect. He turned on his companion a look eloquent of pained accusation.

"Out of gas," he remarked succinctly. His tone added that it was her fault.

Her profile was toward him: that exquisitely chiseled profile in which he had always taken such keen, if objective, pleasure—the impersonal pleasure of a connoisseur. But at present he took no pleasure in it at all. In fact, his irritation was increased by the fact that the profile was evidently and exclusively concerned with the distant landscape, and not at all with the calamitous circumstance that they were out of gas. For the life of him, he couldn't see what she found of interest in the landscape. He couldn't make out why she'd wanted to drive down this atrocious road in the first place. The landscape had not varied for miles: an undulating expanse of sand relieved only by clumps of pale beach grass, and, in the distance, a blue thread of sea, which vanished behind the intercepting sand hills at times, at times widened to a ribbon of bright color, then narrowed to a thread again.

It was insufferably hot and abominably tiresome. The glare was enough to put one's eyes out, even if there had been anything worth looking at, which there was not. Yet she persisted in staring over the side of the car at the unrelieved monotony of the blazing sand with concentrated intentness, with eagerness even. She did not seem to know that the car had stopped. He had to speak twice before she answered.

"Do you hear me, Edith? We are out of gas."

She gave a little jump.

"What's that? Out of gas? No, not really!" Again her eyes swept the waste of dunes and the vivid line of the sea. She added softly, "And here, of all places!"

He seized on the words as a justification of his complaint. The possibility of another meaning did not occur to him.

"Exactly. We couldn't be in a worse place. There may not be another car on this road for hours, and there isn't a garage within miles. Whatever you wanted to come down this God-forsaken . . ."

She put her hand over his.

"Sorry, Henry. Really I am. I admit, I was wrong about the distance. But here we are, and there's nothing we can do about it except stay here until we're rescued, or die

of old age. Unless," she added brightly, "you feel like walking back to the village and telling your troubles to the man in the nearest garage."

"Feel like . . ." The words choked in his throat. "Good Lord, girl, do you realize it's ninety in the shade? Look at that asphalt! It's soft as butter."

Her lovely face wavered before his aggrieved gaze, in the glare and heat.

"Oh, no, it isn't," she assured him calmly. "It's hardly more than eighty, and there's quite a breeze, and you can . . ."

"I can what?" he asked, as she paused.

"You can walk under the trees when you get back to the main road."

"That isn't what you were going to say."

"How impertinent of you, Henry. Of course it was. But if you prefer to wait here and die of thirst, I'll take my chances along with you, dear." She smiled suddenly, very brightly, very sweetly.

"Damn," said Henry Wood again.

With the deliberation of one hesitating on the brink of a disagreeable task in the remote hope that Providence, out of consideration for the importance of the parties involved, will contrive at the last moment to prevent it, Henry Wood got out of the car. He turned and leveled at her, over the door of the roadster, a last accusing gaze. Henry Wood, in his own opinion, was a very important person; that he should be subjected to this indignity was intolerable. It was even more intolerable that Edith Barnett should sit there and look so calm, so aloof, and withal, in the heat, so annoyingly cool and comfortable in her white suit and that maddening bit of white something he supposed she'd call a hat. Maddening, because it concentrated all her glorious color in her hair and eyes and face. Her hair, golden as the flame of a candle; her face, as fresh and soft and glowing in its youth as if she had been twenty instead of—well, somewhere around thirty; her eyes . . . He looked quickly away. Her eyes were as blue as this confounded sea they couldn't seem to get away from; and like the sea drenched with sunlight, he found it impossible to look at them for long. She was smiling gravely, innocently; but he had a distressing suspicion that just beneath that smile lay mockery.

He was quite right. She was thinking at that precise moment how closely the ever-correct, the immaculate, the impeccable Henry Wood resembled a small urchin summoned from the season's first game of marbles and ordered to wheel his baby sister to the grocer's. The external resemblance left something to be desired, but the outraged and humiliated small boy looked at her from the man's eyes and quivered in the aggrieved droop of his mouth.

"Good-bye, dear." Her voice was soothing: aggravatingly so. "And good hunting. White girl pray bad Red Man no come out of woods and scalp little Henry."

The man stiffened.

"You may think it's funny—"

"Oh, but I don't. Not at all. Pretty soon you'll have trees and things to walk under, while I—" She looked up at the blazing sky. "Well, if I'm not here when you get back, you'll know I've melted or evaporated, that's all."

Without another word, but with

a final reproachful look, Henry turned and took himself off.

She watched his impeccable figure recede slowly over the glaring asphalt road, which was very nearly as soft as he had said it was, and she laughed aloud.

"Poor dear thing, how it does hate to be too hot, or too cold, or too anything but just right! I should have told it about the short cut, after all. But no, it would have gotten its shoes all full of sand." Her face softened, and she apostrophized herself reprovingly. "Edith Barnett, you're perfectly horrid. After all, you're going to marry the man, and if you keep on this way—"

She broke off, shirking the responsibility of prophecy or analysis. Her fingers locked themselves together, and the corners of her mouth tightened. A change altered her face, as swift and transforming as the veiling of a summer sky with unheralded clouds.

"You're going to marry him," she repeated to herself a little starkly. The words had a grim taste of finality. "Yes, you are. He loves you, and you— Yes. Of course you do. You wouldn't marry him if you didn't—would you? *Would you?*"

Her thoughts completed themselves in a question asked and answered, an issue raised, an explanation satisfying it. But into the flimsy structure of that explanation a bolt crashed, shattering and destroying it utterly: "If you love him —if you really love him—*why did you take this drive?*"

The question stunned her; but after a moment she found that even for this emergency she was not wholly unprepared. She drew a quick breath of relief; she could answer even that.

"We were so near—I wanted to see the place—I wondered if the shack was still there—after all these years—I—I—"

But her sorry attempt at defense broke down. She shivered convulsively. The motion, unforeseen and therefore uncontrolled, was like the brushing of a finger against hot iron: a reminder that she had drawn too near a source of pain.

Her thoughts became detached and incoherent, separating themselves from words, racing beyond her control. Her eyes, restless and bewildered, searched the sand and distant sea as if seeking an avenue of escape. The sand sloped downward from the road; the line of a path wandered faintly through the beach grass to a gray shingled structure half hidden behind a rise of dune about fifty yards away. Unless she had known it was there, she would never have seen it. It was unpainted, and had been weathered by more than a decade of suns, winds, and storms to a warm, tawny gray. Built originally for the convenience of cranberry pickers during the autumn season, it seemed more a natural configuration of the landscape than anything added to it by men, as inevitable in this location, as indispensable to its peculiar character, as the twisted pines, the clumps of pointed beach grass, the wheeling gulls overhead.

It had been occupied one summer, years ago, by two very young men who were painters, and who lived there because they could not afford to live anywhere else—Peter Harris, and another. Edith Barnett, with her family, had summered in the small fishing village about three miles distant, to which the long winding road led over the dunes, and there was also a short cut

through the woods. This village was a haven for artists, and, in the summer, a resort for people who regarded artists with amusement or toleration or both, and enjoyed being slightly shocked by them. To this latter group belonged the family of Edith Barnett. The girl Edith Barnett had met, and had fallen painfully and exultantly in love with, the younger and better looking and more gifted of the two young occupants of the shack; now, years later, on the eve of her marriage to Henry Wood, the woman Edith Barnett had wanted to drive by for a glimpse of this scene of her girlhood romance.

To this caprice she attached no importance whatever. She and Henry were guests at a house party at a seaside estate adjoining a neighboring town, a place of ancient colonial dignity uninfested by the disturbing Bohemianism of artists; Henry Wood had suggested that, on this fine day, they drive somewhere and do something; she, on an impulse, had named as their route this neglected road leading over the dunes for miles, and passing, near its extremity, the shack . . . And here she was.

The vast inverted bowl of the horizon and sky was filled with glowing radiance, with sharp lines and edges, with color of indescribable richness, so vivid and clear as to throw into sharp outline the separate needles on a distant group of pines, to present with photographic clarity the configurations and soft colorings of the lichened barks. The dunes, swept and chiseled by the wind; the clumps of beach grass, bent and turned like a compass by the same strong hand, each clump marking a circle about it with its points sharp as pins; tracks of birds, appearing suddenly in the smooth sand, disappearing with equal abruptness where the bird took wing again; bits of driftwood and pine branches, polished by the blown sand, scoured into all manner of fantastic shapes, dyed the same exquisite yellow-gray . . . The picture was as complete and distinct in its details as when she had seen it last, standing on this spot, years ago. She greeted it with an involuntary gasp at its familiarity. In the long meantime she had not seen it, but she knew now that her memory had kept it for her, out of sight, but in all its particulars fresh and unchanged.

Into this picture the thought of Henry intruded itself suddenly and for no reason at all, and the intrusion shocked her with the jarring harshness of an anomaly. Henry, always perfect, and as a part of that perfection, always a little tired and a little bored; Henry, taking a connoisseur's delight in beauty, in ordered perfection of detail— *No!* The contradiction rang in her ears so loudly that she started. With a breaking-off as sharp as that between sleep and waking, almost as if a picture had been thrust before her eyes, she saw Henry as she had refused to see him before. Not the connoisseur she had thought him, in her mistaken acceptance of his own estimate of himself, but the critic self-trained for the detection of flaws until keenness at this detection had become a matter for absurd pride. Exquisitely served meals at whatever smart hotel . . . a waiter was always summoned and reprimanded for some defect of service imperceptible except to Henry's cultivated awareness; the symphony, the opera, however able the offering, were only occasions for

calling attention, as cleverly and pointedly as Henry could, to faults of performance hidden from those whose critical faculties were less keen. With the sharp edge of his criticism he cut from every interest, every enjoyment, its covering of pleasure or glamour. His very presence made appreciation crude and enthusiasm unpardonable. Sophisticated beyond the possibility of enjoyment, insulted and hurt by the necessity of walking a few miles to a garage . . . Thus chaotically but definitely she saw him.

Panic seized her. She pushed the picture away, she wished desperately to unsee it, to ignore its significance, but she could not. The portent of the situation was growing rapidly to terrifying dimensions. She pressed her palms against her eyes, she tensed every muscle. By an effort of the will which amounted to a physical struggle she clung to Henry, to the present, to convention, to security.

"I mustn't let him go—I can't—I mustn't. We're to be married—to-morrow — to-night — I mustn't wait—we—"

But the effort was useless. Henry was gone. His figure receding over the asphalt road had vanished not only into the distance but into the past. He had never been real. He was a dream—the dream one forgets on awakening. The vividness which alone invests a fact or a memory with reality was transferred suddenly and entirely to another figure, a figure that came out of the sand and sky, out of the color and light, out of the past, and claimed her.

* * *

"Unicorns . . . ?"

"Yes, unicorns. The woods are full of 'em. Didn't you know that?" The tall young man in the gray-green sweater and the paint-smeared white trousers looked down, smiling, at the girl who walked beside him along the sandy path through the woods. She is like a candle, he thought, suddenly struck by the simile. She is slim and white and her hair is a golden flame. It is a bit of sunlight tangled in the woods, caught and lingering here after the sun itself had gone.

She had walked out to the shack to see them, Peter Harris and himself. They had made her tea in the battered coffee pot which served for every beverage they brewed; she sipped it, sitting on the rickety model stand which was the only thing they had to sit on. They hauled out their canvases and drawings and showed them to her. She laughed, she listened, she admired, she was happy. Now, through the warm tranquillity of the late afternoon, he was taking her back to the village.

She, in her turn, looked up at him. In fact, she could not lower her eyes from his face, not even to watch where she was going. It was an attractive face, captivating even; the kind of face that catches a woman's attention at a glance and assures a pleased return of her eyes for further study. The eyes, beneath unruly burnished hair, were conspicuously thoughtful; and in contrast to this detached, almost brooding seriousness of their expression, the mouth had a trick—a look, even in repose—of always smiling. It was an appearance merely, a hint, a suggestion, of perpetual laughter, arresting and piquant.

Edith Barnett felt the spell of his

presence like a magnet that not only drew her but surrounded her. He filled the horizon of her consciousness, the very heights and depths of her feelings and thoughts. It seemed to her that he enveloped her, like an intangible presence rather than a human being. Extraordinary . . . he was so much a man, yet everywhere, like air or light. She'd never had that feeling with anyone before. It was at once disturbing and comforting; it made her feel safe, as if nothing could reach her through the immense protection it threw around her, and at the same time it frightened her. A contradiction; but in the week she had known him, her world had become full of contradictions, all meaning the same thing, which she could not put into words, even in the silence of her own thinking, but which her feelings shouted at her undeniably. She caught her breath sharply, in a gasp that hurt her. She loved that thrust of hot pain stabbing her. She wanted it again and again.

But what was he saying? Something preposterous and therefore extremely sensible . . .

"Yes—the woods are full of 'em. And they always run off with beautiful girls, so next time you come out, bring a chocolate cake."

"Chocolate cake—?" She gasped.

His eyes widened in surprised reproach.

"Yes. Of course. Didn't you know unicorns are crazy about chocolate cake? When they come running at you to kidnap you, you stand in front of a tree, and you hold out the chocolate cake, and the unicorn makes for it, and his horn sticks in the tree, and you—"

"You what?" She panted a little; they were not running, they were walking very leisurely; but she could not quiet that fierce beating of her heart that made her cheeks burn and her breath come in gasps, while something went on hurting very pleasantly inside.

"It doesn't matter. Unicorns don't like painters, so they won't bother you while I'm around. And I want to be around you, always."

The path ended in a little clearing. In the middle of it lay the small jewel of a lake. Beyond it, and around it, stretched the cool stillness of the pines. The air murmured through the trees in its perpetual monotone, and the fragrance of pine needles came to them pungently. Birds darting from branch to branch chattered and chirped, their soft round little bodies were whirs of gray light in the warm, fragrant air. Before the compelling, eerie beauty of the place she drew back, and found herself in the shelter of his arms.

They became silent, as before a shrine. She clung to him, ecstatic and terrified, feeling his arms tremble round her. He had surrounded her before, she was utterly lost in him now—lost, and by that very fact upheld and sustained, as a diver in the waters, a bird in the air, a saint in an ideal. She could not see him now, he was too near; and she closed her eyes against the strength of his body and the soft roughness of the sweater that rubbed her cheek.

For a while they were silent. Then he began a confession that was at the same time a solace and a wounding.

He loved her. He wanted to marry her, but he could not. He had no money, he had to paint. She knew how he lived, in that shack with Peter Harris, paying only five dollars between them for the

blamed thing for the whole summer, digging their own well for water, walking three miles to town for groceries. In the winter it was no better, he took night jobs on milk trucks or running elevators—anything at all—so that he might only paint. He had to paint. He couldn't ask her to share a life like that . . .

She listened, stricken and elated. Elated because he admitted his love, stricken because in the same breath he dashed it against the rock of his own obduracy. She was young, hardly seventeen, but she had a certain idealism which almost amounted to maturity. She gathered up the love he admitted while casting it aside, and took it into her consciousness as a permanent possession, without letting him know she did so. She would keep it and she would not outgrow it. On the contrary, it would grow with her. Whether they married or not, whether they never saw each other again, in fact, whatever happened, his place in her life was perpetually assured. Her keen and enchanted awareness of him, her acceptance of his love for her, were attributes like speech or vision from which only violence could deprive her, and even then the deprivation would involve mutilation and not mere development. She might meet other men, she might like other men; she would meet no one to displace or replace him.

Nor could she believe, in spite of what he said, that they would never marry. She trusted that eventually they would. She loved him, she was confident. She would wait. His work would attract attention, people would buy it. Painters did sell paintings sometimes, they married and had families. Why should they two be an exception? It would be fun, marrying on very little, taking a chance . . . He was taking a chance to paint at all, she wanted to, no less. Why, she wondered, with a little exasperation, must men always think in terms of caution and security when it came to their women, reserving all the privileges of hazard and experiment for themselves? For it *was* a privilege, to take a chance . . . Why couldn't they see the utterly simple fact that it was a splendor for a girl as well as for a man, to strike out from the charted routes of convention into the wilderness, the uncharted, the unknown? Physically, men had exacted that of their women in the pioneer days; or rather, men and women, of one mind, had cut themselves loose from security together. Why should it be different to-day when even the gravest risk you could run, the most perilous venture you could undertake, would not lead to violence or death, and at the worst would entail but a little uncertainty and the surrender of a little comfort? Under those circumstances it was absurd even to talk of sacrifice. Sacrifice! As if he were not demanding of her, inflicting on her, rather, the infinitely greater sacrifice of the renunciation of his companionship, and suggesting, out of his great consideration for her, that she either remain an old maid or tie herself to some impossible bore.

But the same convention which demanded that he should not ask her to make that "sacrifice," condemned her also to silence. He would not ask her to make it, she could not tell him that she was willing to make it. She could only hope—but what could she hope for? Anything at all? She did not know.

At first she did not see all of this clearly. The only realities as she stood with him in the wood were his presence about her and such concrete things as the strength to which she clung and the feel of the soft rough wool against her cheek. Only much later was she able to unsnarl the tangle of his words into consistent meanings, and unravel the web of her thoughts into logical arguments meeting them—of which she must remain silent until he saw it for himself, if he ever did.

Just now she did not care. He had said he loved her, and that was enough. They walked on through the woods again, and the world was a song and a flame, and about anything else she did not care at all.

As it happened, the matter was settled for them by circumstances beyond their control. The following year he was, with the eligible of his generation, rushed into the draft, sent to Europe, and killed.

There is a way to take everything, and she found a way to take this.

It was to become a different person, living in a different world, a world that repudiated her former convictions and pleasures, so that nothing was left to remind her of what she had lost. This new world had a mushroom growth. It made up for its lack of maturity—and the chief thing about it was its immaturity—by its excess of assurance. It hatched theories and advanced them as facts and set up a clamorous defense of them: nothing mattered much, and you were a fool to care about anything or regret anything; the world of convention was dead and the world of sentiment had died with it; the heroic virtues had no heroism and no virtue and without these attributes were merely silly. They belonged to the old world of sentiment and could be rationalized into defense mechanisms and escapes from reality, and sentiment in any form was a sin punishable by the supreme penalty of ridicule. Things that had been considered evil were now seen to be good, or at least smart, the line between good and evil had vanished—it had, indeed, been only an imaginary line in the first place—nothing was good, nothing evil, the only virtue was smartness, the only vice the lack of it. In art and in morals the *summum bonum* was to be modern and to be smart, as to be virtuous and to achieve a certain excellence once had been. This was the credo of the bright new world.

Like a swimmer plunging without hesitation and from bravado into icy water, she dove into the currents of the life she found about her, so strong and turbulent that merely to keep afloat in them demanded unceasing and unthinking activity. It was not a question of forgetting. In order to forget, you must first admit that there is something to remember. The figure of the man to whom she had given a young and brief, but intense and exclusive love had been wrested from her life. She spent no time in the effort to obliterate this figure from her memory; that would have been impossible. She pulled a curtain abruptly down in front of it and pretended that it had never been there.

The girl who had loved Clinton Hadley and the girl who faced life without him were two different persons. Neither could share the memories or experiences of the other.

Fervently and implicitly she believed this pretense. Not to do so

would have involved her in the intricate meshes of pain, from which in time she might have extricated herself, but why, with an opiate to hand, become entangled at all? The answer was to become some one Clinton Hadley had never known, to do things which the girl who would have followed Clinton Hadley to the end of the world would never have done. This was the task she set herself, and because she was the kind who succeeds, she had succeeded.

But in spite of her repudiation of Clinton, her denial to herself of the genuineness of her love for him (included in the denial of the genuineness of all love) and of the possibility of such a man as she had believed him to be actually existing, she had not married.

For her repeated refusals to do so she found good reasons. She dressed them up in the garments of plausibility and presented them to herself and her friends as the real reasons. Some one was a bore, some one else was a prig, or too fat, or too lazy, or too ambitious, or getting bald, or his shoes always squeaked. There were many good reasons, but profoundly underlying them all was only one real reason. The present moment forced her to take it from its deep hiding place, to face it, to admit it courageously.

She sat appalled, terrified by the coincidence of this issue with her recent acceptance of Henry. For to that she had driven herself hardly a week ago by a tremendous impulsion of her reason and her will. Henry had been wanting to marry her for years. The objections she had for others did not apply to him; she could, actually, think of no good reason for not marrying him. And yet she continued to refuse him. Finally, besieged by him again at the house party, she had reasoned herself into an amenable state of mind and had accepted him. He had declared himself the happiest man alive, but she smiled at the declaration. She knew that Henry could never be happy or unhappy. Satisfaction and annoyance were the extremes of emotion of which Henry was capable.

He had suggested this day's outing, she had proposed this drive. She hadn't been here for years. She had rather a quaint desire, call it sentimental if you will, to see if the place had changed, if that absurd little shack was still there. From her security she could smile at it, as at the scene of childhood trysts, seen from the pinnacle of experience and through the mists of half-forgetfulness.

If only this hadn't happened . . . if they had driven past, as she had intended . . . if she hadn't been left here to wait, alone. . . . Then she would have retained her poise and complacence, her assurance that she had been right in everything, her tolerant acceptance of Henry, even the absurd and carefully nurtured supposition that she cared for him.

Henry. . . . She looked about her with tortured eyes. Where was he? If he came back now he could still save her. Why didn't he hurry? Soon it would be too late. The whole place was alive . . . alive with that compelling presence that had filled it for her before, alive with all he had said to her, all they had done together. Again he filled the great horizon of her vision, her thoughts, her desires, and in this immensity a triviality named Henry was lost and obliterated.

She looked around her wildly

again, and now it was with the fear that he would return. She shuddered. Henry had suddenly become, not only insignificant, but intolerable. Only one thing mattered: that she never see him again.

She was trembling in every limb and her heart beat so that she could hardly breathe. With shaking hands she swung the car door open and plunged down the sandy path winding through the beach grass to the shack.

Of this terrorized flight she had, later, no recollection. She did not recall even her desire to flee. She was driven simply by the need of the trapped to escape, she was moved by some power or energy not her own. One moment she was in the car, stranded on a country road without gas, awaiting her *fiancé's* return with the necessary assistance. Later—a moment, an hour, a year later, it made no difference—she was in the shack, her back against the door she had shut behind her, her eyes groping through the interior, dark by contrast with the dazzling brilliance of the sun and sand she had just left.

Nor did she know what she meant to do in the shack. Her flight was beyond reason: impelled by no purpose and leaning toward no intention. Her situation was simply unendurable, and the shack offered her the sanctuary of the one sublime recollection of her life. Here she could sink down and let darkness and memory take possession of her, divorce her from the cynical practicalities of her maturity, give her back to the exaltations of her girlhood. She did not care if she died here, if only she could lose herself once more in a supreme, vivid ecstasy.

For a moment, in the surrounding silence and dimness of the interior, she believed that she would achieve just that; then she became aware that the shack was furnished and that she was not alone.

Though very little changed, the place had been made habitable by means of chairs and tables and rugs, and a figure—a man dressed in white, and seen dimly through the momentary sun blindness that bewildered her—was moving around at the further end of the single room. She had broken unbidden into an occupied dwelling . . .

Shocked by this realization, that in seeking sanctuary she had been guilty of trespass, she crept back toward the door, hoping to leave unobserved. Apparently her entrance, rude though it was, had passed unnoticed. The whine and moaning of the wind that even on calm days swept continually around the shack had drowned the sound of the door opening, and the man stood at the far end of the single room with his back to her, not seeing her any more than she, in the obscurity which had blinded her at first, had seen him. But her eyes had accustomed themselves quickly to the change, and he turned before she could get away, and she saw him.

She was not the sort who scream, and she did not scream now; but she felt that if her voice had not failed her utterly, she would have done so. She pressed both hands against her mouth, and stared in incredulity, even in horror.

The figure that faced her across the room was the figure of the man she had once loved, and that man had been killed fifteen years ago in France.

Nor was he changed. He was not a boy, as she was no longer a girl,

but other than that, he was not changed at all. The same burnished hair, the same height and strength . . . the same indefinable grace, apparent though he said and did nothing, as now . . . the same mouth with its curious trick of smiling . . . the same eyes, brooding, withdrawn . . . They met hers, and the impact was a blow, like palm striking palm; met hers, and held them, as in a trap. Shadowed by the dimness of the room, those eyes filled her with crawling terror. They were dark with something terrible and unknown, a menace fulfilled, a hope not deferred but frustrated . . . a look of waiting, of silence, of death. . . .

Minute after minute passed as she stood there, staring. A clock ticked somewhere; its monotonous iteration became a thunder in her ears. The man moved, he walked. His eyes, having held hers, released them and swept away without any acknowledgment of her presence. He made no sign of recognition, he said nothing. She stood paralyzed, turned to stone, deprived of every faculty but sight and consciousness, while this fantastic nightmare went on . . .

With a curiously detached portion of her mind that continued to think and reason, she wondered if she had not gone mad, or died, or submitted to some phenomenon so utterly foreign to human experience that she was unable to recognize it for what it was. Of what had happened to her when she passed the door of the shack she had simply no conception, unless she had left the land of living people and entered that of the dead—the dead who moved and seemed to be alive.

And that was impossible. Either this man, so completely unaware of her, was the visible form, the specter, if you will, of the man she had loved, living on here because of his attachment to the place, or her imagination and longing were strong enough to reconstruct his presence and present it to her as a physical reality. A mad desire seized her to shout with laughter at the wild absurdity of either hypothesis, and she put her hand to her throat to stifle it.

As if to cap the impossible with the grotesque, the man in the room began, with sharp, liquid clarity, to whistle; and with that sound, for the first time since her eyes had fallen on him, it occurred to her that he was neither a phantom nor some incredible creation of her distorted fancy, but a living person, like herself.

Fact and supposition whirled around her in a confused jumble. The incongruity lay beyond the reach of reason, almost beyond feeling. As a spectator to this mad scene, she would have been astounded; as a participant in it, she was numb and dazed. Absurdity was added to absurdity, the impossible to the impossible: he was Clinton, he was alive, they were in the same room, he was looking at her, he did not know her.

He did not appear even to know she was there. It was not only that he did not recognize her—that she could have understood. If he had acknowledged her presence, the unexpected presence of an intruder, by some word or gesture, even by a look. If he had said, "I beg your pardon, were you looking for some one—?" But there was nothing, nothing.

It was ghastly, it was unendurable. In her heart she cried out to some invisible omniscience to tell

her what it could mean. Had she, herself, become invisible? Was she there at all? Was she still in the car and dreaming? Often in a dream she had been aware that it was a dream even while the dream went on and on. But in a dream you do not actually hear things, as she heard that whistle. You do not feel things. . . . She put out her hand and ran it along the rough wall beside her. A splinter of wood pricked her sharply and she winced. Real. It was all real. Real and terrible and incredible. And even in the aching incomprehensibility of it, she knew, numbly, that if she could only wait long enough, she would understand. . . .

Wait. She must wait. There was nothing to do but wait. Wait—be quiet—not give way—not scream—not even cry—

But in this she demanded an impossibility. The taut thread of her resistance snapped and she crumpled to the door and burst into wild and uncontrollable sobbing.

At the sound he started and stood still, his attention focused in a single act the significance of which could not be mistaken. He was listening.

After a moment he spoke.

"Who's there?" Struggling to control her sobs, she did not answer. He spoke again. "Is anyone there? That isn't you, is it, Pete?"

Still there was no answer and he started toward the wall from whence the s o u n d of her sobbing had reached him.

Drawing her breath in a long, choking gasp, she stared with terror-bright eyes as he drew near her. She scrambled to her feet and stood against the wall, one hand clutching her throat, the other warding him off. He approached, and she slid along the wall, avoiding him. He touched the wall where she had been, and stood still, hesitating.

She stood away from him, rigid, holding her breath. He was now within a yard of her. A dozen times his withdrawn, silent eyes had fallen on hers, and still he did not know she was there.

"Well, if this isn't the limit," he said, almost under his breath. "I would have sworn—" Then, more loudly, "Is anyone there?"

Her eyes, already glittering with terror, filled with an agonized comprehension. The important communications of this life are never made entirely by word of mouth: they precede the spoken word as lightning precedes thunder. As she stood within easy reach of him, unseen and yet the object of his search, she knew, in a sudden, frightful illumination, the horrid fact that had been concealed from her, the reason why she had been told he was dead. She remembered now, it was Peter Harris who had written her . . . he had beyond doubt coerced Peter Harris to that end. . . .

He had compelled Peter Harris, he had deceived her, he had denied himself. He had achieved his purpose: so he flattered himself. But only temporarily, not finally. Now they stood facing each other, they two, in that room, contrary to her expectation and his plan. Setting out on an uncharted sea, he had achieved in very grim reality what he had undertaken as a gay, if serious, adventure; but the end was not there. The world of experience, like the geographical world, is a globe; continuing straight before him, he had returned to the port of embarkation; and so likewise had she. They were alone together in this room, and she knew what had hap-

pened, and it was not chance or coincidence, it was inevitability.

Thus the fantastic confusion of the past few minutes, like a suddenly receding tide, swept back from her, leaving everything stark and plain to her understanding. The lie that he was dead, foisted on her to free her from the entanglements of her sympathy, built on the assumption that they would never meet, that she would not find out the truth . . . The lie that he was dead, when, for fifteen years he had been alive and . . .

She choked on the word. She could not say it, even to herself. Shocked and appalled by the discovery, she had not the grace of the passage of time to ease its meaning for her. She was shaking from head to foot and her breath burned her lungs with hot pain.

It was preposterous that she should have to make an explanation, to speak even. Yet it was necessary, he still did not know she was there, she was forced to say something. . . .

He gave her an opportunity. Standing by the wall, he addressed the space before him.

"I still believe," he said slowly, "that there is some one in this room. And I hope there is, because if there isn't, I'm losing my mind. And I believe my visitor is a lady, because I am distinctly aware of perfume. It would be easy enough to stumble into this unprepossessing shack by mistake, so please, if you are there, don't let the fact that you have intruded embarrass you. Also, my uncertainty on this point may appear strange to you—as people usually know whether they have callers or not—so may I further explain that I am—"

"No!" She broke in, breathless. "You don't have to explain anything —I—"

She made rather a bad job of it, but it did not matter. He soon understood who she was and why she was there.

NINGTU: A CASE AGAINST COMMUNISM

By Dorothy Graham

STATISTICS being more unreliable in China than anywhere else in the world, and more susceptible to varying interpretations, it is difficult to find a satisfactory answer to the puzzling question of Chinese Communism. For the future it is important to know the trend of these amorphous millions who occupy so large a space on the globe's surface. Their influence, though indirect, will be forcibly felt, politically and economically; the weight of their decision will certainly tip the balance of a vast continent; and may eventually be the factor in disturbing the equilibrium of the better organized Occident. Will the Chinese continue their own version of the Russian experiment?

In reply there are those who insist that Communist ideology has penetrated the consciousness of this people like a virus; that the youth of China is totally committed to the new movement. Critics point out that the present persecution by the authorities has only driven the activities underground, and that at a given moment the smoldering fire of fanaticism will break forth in an appalling conflagration. It is in this phase primarily the disease of the young intellectuals. Students in the universities are frequently arrested in groups of ten or twelve and sent to Nanking for questioning; professors are detained as they leave their classrooms and subjected to drastic grillings. According to the shade of their belief they are either freed with a warning, incarcerated for further examination, or shot by a firing squad. For Communism, like drug selling and drug taking, is now a capital offense, punishable by immediate death.

This summary punishment may be viewed from two angles. There are those who earnestly believe that such an attempt at suppression will only strengthen the movement; that there will presently be two active Communists where only one existed before. Certainly the victims of the Shanghai riots in 1925 inflamed a lethargic populace against imperialism, and sent the usually pacific Chinese out in maddened hordes to destroy foreign goods and to slay "foreign devils." The martyrs to any cause become the cornerstones of that cause, and their example is an incentive to further proselyting.

On the other hand, there is evidence that the present Government is actually gaining ground by its policy of extirpation. The National armies, after five bitter campaigns, have freed the province of Kiangsi from the Communists, though the Red strongholds seemed impregnable. The captured Communist soldiers, instead of being executed like the erring students, are now sent to a training school; a Reformatory where they are given haircuts every fortnight, taught punctuality, supplied with six dollars a month pocket money and instructed in a useful trade.

And even more convincing as a repudiation of Communism, though less Utopian in scope, has been the valiant stand of influential families

who, anxious to preserve a social structure which seemed to them honestly to afford the greatest good to the greatest number, denounced the younger members of their own clan who were spreading the doctrines of disintegration. Denounced them, even though that act committed the victim to death. Those who know China realize that its five thousand years of solidarity has rested on the clan system, with its mutual responsibility, its judiciously administered punishments for transgression of the family law. And they see in this sacrifice of personal feeling an omen of continued stability, a distinct turning away from Russian tenets. The family, the source of all strength and virtue in China, still survives.

Yet there is one specific example of the rejection of Communism which is of the greatest practical value in diagnosing the trend. From the devastated province of Kiangsi has come a story of mass heroism that is worthy of the tales of the Three Kingdoms: those days when brave men fought like demigods for high causes. It is a story that is already sweeping over China and will eventually find its place in the folklore, to be rehearsed over and over again at temple fairs, dramatically recited to the accompaniment of drums and three-stringed fiddles. Undoubtedly it will afford a theme for those anonymous poets who desire no personal immortality of name, but are content in their verse to enrich the memories of their race. Soon it will be a subject for painters who, with swift strokes of their brushes, will allegorically depict that K i a n g s i peak, cloud-wreathed and massive, and the spirits of those who heroically suffered there.

To understand the story it is necessary to analyze the term Communism as applicable to China. From one point of view China has been for uncounted ages a Communistic state. The early allotment of land was an equable division. The interdependence of craftsmen's guilds permitted each man only enough profit to sustain a fair existence, and gave to the employer scarcely more margin of profit than to the men in his employ. The reasonable wage scale was determined by open discussion between the employee and his employers. Collective responsibility was one of the earliest tenets of the race; the individual was always sacrificed for the advantage of the many. Where the daily struggle for sustenance was so difficult it became a cardinal principle of the economic order that each man should perform only a certain fixed task, and should not infringe on the rights of others to gain a livelihood. These and many other instances conform (somewhat loosely to be sure) to the Communistic theory.

But as a movement newly introduced from Russia to China, Communism had features singularly detrimental to the welfare of the masses. It meant the breakdown of family life, which had been the salient cause of centuries of stability. It meant the abolition of marriage and the begetting of men children to do honor to the ancestors: a custom which forged a sense of continuity that was singularly beneficial. More particularly in the regions where the Communist armies marched, it meant the wholesale slaughter of landlords, the disruption of petty commerce on which the populace largely depended for a livelihood, the devastation of fields, disorganization, starvation. The

Red leaders projected a violent propaganda, promising plenty through bloodshed. They fostered a distorted vision in which all owners of property, all foreigners, all merchants were criminals. And the reverse side of their picture was as absurdly drastic in nature, proclaiming that all peasants, workmen and Communist soldiers were angels of altruism, innovators who were inaugurating a sure Utopia.

At first the peasants believed the new doctrines which were automatically to bring them prosperity and plenty, as well as freedom from taxes and from the abuses of the old mortgage system which had imposed burdens too heavy to be borne. Interest at thirty, forty or fifty per cent on their poor land had forced them into a state of semi-slavery from which they had scant hope of release. Naturally they grasped at this new scheme, this panacea which was to make less hard their worn lives. Under the influence of dazzling promises, the peasants opened the gates of their mud-walled villages to the Communists and gladly invited them in. Impelled by old grudges, they joined the soldiers in looting the granaries of the landlords, in firing the houses of the more prosperous citizenry, in killing oppressors. The bitterness engendered by generations of hardships flared up in those days, to be sated in blood lust.

But the Communists' pledges of plenty never materialized. The soldiers who were to release them from oppression, in turn became the oppressors. The peasants, particularly in Kiangsi where the Chinese Soviet army entrenched itself and the Soviet State was established, groaned under new burdens. They had had hardly enough for subsistence before, but now they were forced to give the major portion of the products of their almost barren fields to the Red soldiers. In every way they were crushed under a rule infinitely more unjust than the old. For them the practical results of Communism had proved anything but pleasant.

It was this conclusion which the citizens of Ningtu had reached in the spring of 1932 when news came to their village that the Red soldiers were approaching, burning, pillaging, destroying all that lay in their way. A conference was held by the elders of Ningtu, those men who by experience and wisdom were considered by their fellow members of the community ripe to give advice in matters of extreme gravity. Men of their caliber had always, for thousands of years, directed the affairs of the villages, keeping order within the boundaries of their jurisdiction even when dynasties were overthrown or a struggling Republic was unable to maintain its nominal rule over the provinces.

Now these elders of Ningtu made a decision. Loyally the others of the village agreed to the course. Rather than come under Soviet rule five hundred citizens of Ningtu abandoned their homes, and with such supplies as they could gather, entrenched themselves on the plateau topping the peak of Tzu Wei.

Rising abruptly from the plain to a height of more than a thousand feet, Tzu Wei was a natural fortress. The rocky summit flattened to an open expanse nearly a mile in length and some four hundred feet broad at its widest point. This summit was reached by a perilous path, steps cut in the precipitous rock, and leading through a narrow fissure, barely large enough to allow

one man to crawl through. It was an infinitely difficult trek for those villagers to make: women burdened by young children astride their shoulders; men carrying double their own weight in rice and other foodstuffs, in ammunition and rifles for defense, in bedding rolls and cooking pots. At one point in the sheer cliff, bowlders seemed to make the way impassable. The path reeled dizzily upward into space and a slip would mean a plunge into the chasm, hundreds of feet below. Yet the five hundred villagers, cruelly encumbered, slowly made the ascent, facing this danger rather than submit to the Reds.

The Soviet forces promptly attacked, but for a few months the citizens of Ningtu were comparatively secure in their refuge. Each time the Reds made an attempt to force a way through the narrow fissure, they were driven back. The Soviet artillery opened fire from an adjacent mountain; but the men of Ningtu dug trenches for shelter. Some casualties resulted. But the people who had taken their stand on Wei Peak were not to be intimidated by trench mortars.

Gradually, however, the supply of carefully rationed food began to give out. No more could be brought from the plains below, closely guarded by Communist troops. The women denied themselves nourishment in order that the men might keep up their strength. Even the children were deprived of their share, so that the defenders might be spared. The old sickened and died. Wounds became dangerous to enfeebled bodies. Women, sacrificing their last portion of rice to keep alive their gaunt protectors, and seeing their children waste away, went mad. In the East self-destruction is not viewed as a sin against the Creator and Giver of life, but an act of heroism; and some of these women leapt to death over the cliff. Any sacrifice, to sustain the waning strength of the defenders. Any sacrifice, to keep at bay the hordes of Red soldiery.

Beyond the immediate danger of the moment, these citizens of Ningtu were intent on keeping faith with the old order. They were insisting upon the integrity of their consciences. Their right to labor, to plow their own fields, to control their petty barterings when they traded rice for bean curd, or sessamun oil for blue cotton cloth. They wanted tenaciously to maintain their ancient patriarchal system; and the institution of marriage which orders the life of man and makes him feel secure in his relation to the far past and to the unknown future.

For the right to direct their own lives without the interference of Red doctrines, these Ningtu men kept themselves alive on their Peak for fourteen months. Through the burning heat and the terrific rains of summer; through the slow waning of the year; through the season of bitter cold when the storm clouds swept around the refuge; through the lingering spring, when they could discern no sign of hope. The confusion and the intricate difficulties of their stand, the entanglement of brutalized human lives, would make an epic more terrible than Franz Werfel's *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*. For this isolated group was fighting for fourteen months, with an endurance only possible to the Chinese; fighting for life, for the privilege of keeping intact the faith of their fathers.

Finally, even the heroism of determined men could no longer hold

the fortress in face of starvation. Three of their number, the strongest, were chosen to make their escape in order to try to summon aid from Government forces. With a rope eleven hundred feet in length, made from fragments of old garments, hand over hand they made their way down the steep face of the cliff. Then they stole intrepidly through the Communist lines.

The Communist hordes, however, were impregnably entrenched; the Government forces could not overcome them in time to save the remnant of the little band on Tzu Wei Peak. With its defenders still fighting desperately, the summit was captured by the Reds. The citizens of Ningtu died fighting, to the last man.

Then those who had been too sick to take part in the last battle, too weakened by privation, and the women and children who remained, were taken down from the peak and paraded through the deserted streets of their village. The march ended at the execution ground. There they were shot by the Reds. Not a single life was spared.

There remain alive to tell the story of that desperate siege only the three men who made their escape to act as messengers. One of these has been appointed a magistrate of the district, in recognition of his loyalty, now that the Soviet armies have been driven by Government troops beyond the boundaries of Kiangsi.

To-day the Nationalist Government of China is doing rehabilitation work in this region which for seven and a half years was the area overrun by Chinese Soviets. They are performing the task thoroughly, not only to help the peasants who suffered under the Red régime, but to discourage the people of other provinces from affording refuge to the fleeing Communist soldiery, now penetrating the hinterland of Szechuan and Kweichou. The Reds were dislodged from Kiangsi only after five campaigns. Even then the Government troops succeeded not so much by military activities, as by a policy of slow penetration. Towns, as they were recaptured, were rebuilt. Privileges were returned to the people; rights of which they had been deprived by the Reds. Friendly aid was extended to the starving peasants.

In the program of rehabilitation for Kiangsi the Government plans to improve the lot of the common people: by education, by introducing more scientific methods of agriculture, by "crop protection societies" and loans at nominal interest rates. There are free clinics. Posters have been pasted on the village walls; notices that instead of portraying violent Red propaganda, inciting the people to burn property and slay the landlords, display the following slogans: "You should eat vegetables, bean curd and eggs every day." "You should bathe at least once a week." "You should have at least one window open during sleeping hours."

The Communists who remain in the region have been divided into three classes and are being treated with kindness. As previously mentioned, they are being subjected to treatment in a Reformatory. There are those captured during the war, those who surrendered during the retreat and, most important, officials of the Chinese Soviet State who gave themselves up to the authorities voluntarily, to permit their ideas to be renovated. To fit the varied intelligences of these

men, different schedules of study have been put into effect. But they all fraternize; they are all housed in a modern barracks, with the freedom to roam about a "campus" without guards.

The Government claims that so far not one man in the Reformatory has tried to escape. Indeed those under detention are only too anxious to remain, in order to acquire dexterity in one of the ten trades that are taught: carpentry, woodcarving, lithography, sewing, bamboo work, cotton socks manufacture, the weaving of towels, the fashioning of straw sandals, the making of candles and soap. The discipline of the training school is strict, yet the men accept it, glad enough to be armed with the technique of a useful trade before they face again the fierce competition of existence in China. They are also inculcated with the Three Principles of the People, as set forth by the late Sun Yat-sen, a liberal doctrine that is in fact an elaboration of ancient tenets, with a slight leaven from the philosophers of the West.

It may be that the Government at Nanking is over-optimistic as to the effect its reconstruction program will have on the masses. One training school, however exemplary its products, can scarcely influence a mass population of four hundred million. It may be that the radicalism which has impregnated the young intellectuals will again flare forth in a sudden violent and murderous outbreak. It may be that the fleeing Communists, united to those in the hinterland, will organize into a force that will again be menacing.

Yet the strongest indication of the essential soundness of the Chinese attitude comes from the example of the five hundred villagers who lived the epic of Tzu Wei Peak. And the most potent influence for combatting the false promises of the Reds will be that very story, told over and over again; at the market places, at the street corners, at the gates of ruined temples. Wherever the pounding of a snake-skin drum can lure crowds of coolies who will part with a copper that was to have provided sustenance for half a day; wherever the blind story-teller can penetrate to the courtyards to recite in rapt monotones the tale of Tzu Wei.

THE PRE-WAR PENSION

By Eleanor Downing

PART I

"BUT at Cappini's you can have your cameos set for fourteen francs; in gold, all hand-carved. No, he doesn't sell cameos. Lucchesi's has the best: but you mustn't pay what he asks; he expects you to beat him down. If he asks sixty francs, give him thirty-five. Marini's? His things are entrancing to look at, of course, but they break into bits when you get them home; and he *dyes* his Japanese corals.

"The mustard, did you say, or the salt?

"And oh! did you hear about Mr. Conrad's discovery: *corn bread*, in a little shop just off the Lungarno. No, they don't call it corn bread — *pane* something-or-other. But don't bother with names; just hold up twenty centimes, and say *presto!* The boy wraps up the bread, piping hot, in a newspaper, and you gallop around the corner to a funny little shop where they sell drinks. There's a nice boy there, all teeth and eyes. You say *'Caffè, caffè expresso!'* And before you know it, you're devouring hot cornbread and coffee. And all for forty centimes!

"You can get Certosa there, too. Haven't you visited the Certosa? Well, you must, before you leave Florence. A dusty drive, of course, but the place is worth it. And before you go, read Bourget's story, *Un Saint.*"

To the pre-War *pension* dweller, such conventional fragments—like whiffs of smoke from autumn bonfires or scraps of forgotten tunes on wheezing hand organs—will drift back across the years. And, as he catches the echo of familiar words, he will see, beyond the gulf of the depression and the welter of the War years, the long table with its carafes and cruets flecking the white cloth with ruby and amber; its rows of napkins in bone and silver napkin-rings; its salad-bowl full of curly chickory; and its soup-tureen, steaming with *minestrone* or *soupe au pommes de terre.* And, as he watches, the walls patterned with ferns, and the floor, its neat oilcloth dissected by strips of red carpet, slip back into place. Suddenly, in the stiff-backed chairs are ladies in old-fashioned silk shirt-waists and pompadours; men with mustaches, winged collars and gold watch-chains. And from all quarters of the table flow streams of benevolent didacticism, directed toward the latest comer, lest he should miss the Masaccio in the church of the Carmine, or spend his francs in the wrong tea-house.

Ghosts out of a fading past? Perhaps: all of them, in any event, scattered long ago by the disruptions of the War and the more subtle revolutions of time. But to those who knew these *pension* dwellers with their oddities, angularities, crotchets, good humor, and endless flow of information, more

real than our colorless contemporaries of lavish hotels and fashionable inns.

Among the men and women gathered at the *table d'hôte*, might occasionally be seen little girls, with corkscrew-curls, box-pleated skirts, and Irish lace collars. Such a little girl was I, one of many American children who, from the homely vantage point of the better-class *pension*, learned to know Europe before the War. True, the American home was my accustomed background; nor was I, in any sense—least of all as regards sophistication—a Jamesean child. Still, children are observant; and, having spent several years in Continental *pensions*, I could, at the age of fourteen, have supplied the writer of guidebooks with much colorful information as to their clientèle, management, menu, and general atmosphere.

Fingering the hoard of memory, one finds too often broken fragments of impressions, dusty facts, hints of forgotten experiences. But, somehow, those years in European *pensions* have resisted the rust of time. Faces, words, scenes flash back with a reality that makes the solid present shadowy and insecure.

Of all the *pensions* in which I have sojourned—leaving out of consideration the quite different English houses that receive "paying guests"—there are three which return to memory with peculiar vividness.

The first of these is the *Pension Manetto*, located at Bas Mornex, a village of Haute Savoie. Around the bend of the Petit Salève, an elongated hill, the crescent of Geneva gleams white-hot in the summer sun, against a background of blue lake. Here, however, an hour distant by tram and funicular railway, is no hint of city heat or tourist turmoil. The white walls and green gabled roof of the *pension* nestle cosily in a grove of pine trees. Around the *pension* are graveled paths; hillocks lacquered with smooth brown pine needles; delicious nooks with benches and tables, where one may have tea, or read sequestered for hours; a pavilion, which serves the double purpose of rainy day refuge and bathing establishment. To the north is a long path, leading past the pump to a summer house covered with clematis. At the pump Marianne, in blue blouse and white apron, is peeling vegetables and washing them in a large stone trough. Beyond the summerhouse, where the ground slopes abruptly downward beneath a tangle of shrubs and vines, one may, if one is sure-footed and unafraid of snakes, pick bunches of red-purple cyclamens, — adventurous little flowers, clinging precariously to mossy rocks and ledges. On the slopes above the summerhouse, the ground, in May, is red with wild strawberries; in July, white with immortelles.

To the east, facing the house, is the Valley of the Arve. Through vineyards, cherry orchards, and farm land, the ground rolls gently downward from the *pension* terrace to the shallow river, tumbling headlong between bowlders, or flowing languidly into pebbled pools. Beyond the Arve lies a panorama as lovely as any in Europe. Less breathtaking it is than many another; but for variety and charm, it has, surely, few equals.

To the north are the Juras, heavily-wooded mountains, rugged and

remote; directly opposite, are the gently undulating Voirons and the cone-shaped Môle—white belfried villages clinging to its lower slopes. To the east, above the less dramatic peaks, like a dream above work-a-day realities, hangs the profile of Mont Blanc, silver in the morning light, misty violet in the sunset, flaming rose in the late shadows.

Peace possesses the scene; but it is the peace of life, not of death. From the farm rises the song of the men in the vineyards, the lowing of cows, the shrill crowing of cocks. From Mornex, hidden by the trees, come the creak of cart wheels and the shrill crescendo of women's voices,—all abruptly stilled by the ringing of the Angelus from the village church. Close at hand, the sparrows twitter, and finches chirp from the pine grove. Above the valley cloud shapes drift and pass, trailing their shadows along the hills, and leaving, in their wake, pastures of faint gold and mountain-tops of blazing light.

Within, the house is cool, quiet, immaculately clean. The furniture is old-fashioned and far from luxurious. The floors—except in the *salon*, which has a patterned carpet—are bare white pine, scrubbed to ivory smoothness. The walls are covered with minute flower patterns; and at the windows flounced Swiss curtains flutter in the breeze.

Of my first stay in the *Pension Manetto* I remember little: a *semoule* pudding with red sauce, an old dog, blind of one eye, a moon like a copper plate above the mountains—such things a three-year-old consciousness retains in memory. But in later summers the *pension* became my palace of delights. Here I might play in the garden, collecting dead beetles and giving them honorable burial; racing snails on the terrace wall, prodding them, the while, ever so gently with a blade of grass; feeding lettuce to my brown and white bunnies, Mironton and Mirontaine; or, in more poetic moments, enacting, with the inspired help of Rosario, scenes from the fall of Troy or the quest of the Holy Grail.

Rosario and her pleasant rotund little grandmother came from Barcelona. Some of the turbulence of that city must have found its way into Rosario's flashing eyes and vehement soul. Stormy and stubborn, imaginative and loving, she would run, between strokes of the clock, the gamut from ecstasy to tears. We loved and hated each other with passion. Apart, we could talk only of each other; together, we quarrelled with tears and recriminations. The struggle of personalities was finally solved by Blanche, my French nurse, who found that we could play together without breach of the peace for thirty minutes, and no more. Hence, as the clock recorded the finale, I would be borne ruthlessly away to a green bench, where Blanche would read to me *Les Memoirs d'un Ane* and Rosario would make faces at me around the tree.

There was another child at the *Pension Manetto:* Elsa, a German girl, whose long shining braids and delicate beauty reminded me of the Dresden shepherdess in our gilt cabinet at home. Her manners were charming (as Rosario and I were but too frequently reminded), and she sang Italian songs in a clear, sweet, little soprano. But Elsa did not join in many of our games, for she failed to share both our imaginative flights and our animosities.

Moreover, she was closely watched. Her pale, nervous mother, a divorced German baroness, guarded Elsa day and night from the attempts of the child's father to recover her. But there was about Elsa the breath of another world; and I have since wondered whether even a mother's vigilance succeeded in thwarting the approach of another Visitant.

The other guests at the *Pension Manetto* appeared to me relatively unimportant. There was, however, a French family of five, who turned out in gala attire to Sunday Mass, but who, to my consternation, ate meat blithely on Friday, because they were *en voyage*. Whenever there was a thunder-storm, I expected to see them struck; but somehow they all escaped. For the rest, I remember only old ladies covered with brown, hairy warts which I found most interesting to contemplate.

One of these ancient dames was the cause of the only exciting episode of my three summers at the *Manetto*. Although possessed of ample means, she clung to an alcohol lamp which had done service for twenty years and undergone a dozen repairs. In the hands of her maid, Thérèse, preparing tea, the long-enduring lamp at last exploded. In a moment the room was in flames. Single-handed, Mademoiselle Marthe Manetto fought the fire, and single-handed her Gallic energy subdued it; while the owner of the spirit lamp whimpered outside the door, "It's Thérèse's fault, the careless girl! I've had the lamp twenty years, and it never exploded before."

That I missed that fire was the regret of my youth. Parked in a tin tub in the garden pavilion, and without my clothes, which had been carried to the house for replacement, I lay, as the water grew chill, helpless in the hands of destiny. Not so Rosario, who looted all the empty rooms of cushions, pictures, and doilies, until her own room took on the festive appearance of the Easter Fair at Seville. Daring greatly, she even possessed herself of the maidenhair fern and the marble Cupid and Psyche in the drawing room; embellishments which she hastily replaced, however, when Mademoiselle Marthe set out in passionate pursuit.

If the more decrepit ladies of the *Pension Manetto* have faded, in retrospect, to a dull monotone, Madame Manetto and Mademoiselle Marthe shine out, in contrast, with the brilliant tints of Italian primitives. Mademoiselle Marthe, tall, red-cheeked, and unyielding, was the executive arm of government. She it was who issued orders to Marianne, the kitchenmaid, who perpetually peeled vegetables and supplied the house with buckets of water from the garden pump; to Odette, the housemaid, who scrubbed floors, made beds, and waited on table; to the meek, efficient, little mother who seldom emerged from her kitchen; and to Monsieur Marteau, the mouse-like minister —her *fiancé*, as report had it—who appeared on Friday afternoons, to play croquet, from three to five precisely. In the house Mademoiselle Marthe wore a blue chambray dress, high-necked and severely plain. And there were no concessions to vanity: on Friday, the blue dress was donned, as usual. Only on Saturdays, when, her basket under arm, she sallied forth on her weekly marketing trip to Geneva, did her costume undergo a change.

Then she wore a red and white striped percale, always by some mysterious process, starched and fresh.

Often, as I listened to her caustic comment on Monsieur Marteau's croquet playing, and his mild rejoinder, *"Mais non, mais non,"* or, *"Oui, vous avez raison,"* I would wonder, child as I was, at the foolishness of man who places his head obligingly in the jaws of fate. To avert Monsieur Marteau's tragedy I was helpless; but I could, and did, smuggle slices of cold veal from the supper table to the hungry yellow puppy tied at the back door; yes, even though I knew that Mademoiselle Marthe's terrifying eye was fixed on me resentfully through the lattice.

If Mademoiselle Marthe was the managerial arm of the *pension*, Madame Manetto was its heart. For the house lived by its view and its cuisine; and on view alone no one can subsist, despite the poets.

All day long, Madame Manetto worked in her kitchen, from which issued warm steamy blasts, and odors succulent and sweet. Sometimes, as the door swung open, one caught a glimpse of her, clad in black; small, white-haired and rosy-cheeked; stirring something in a deep pot. But remote as she appeared, she was not inarticulate. Her genius expressed itself in culinary triumphs. From her late husband, an Italian *chef* in a ducal house, she had inherited recipes to delight the heart of the most fastidious epicure.

When the bell rang, no one delayed in taking his place at the *table d'hôte*. Dinner was at noon; and as one ate, the sun streamed in pleasantly through the *tilleuls* of the garden. First, borne in by the panting Odette, would come the *pôtage paysanne*, thick with Marianne's vegetables; or, perhaps, *pôtage à la crème*, with strips of orange-peel floating on its surface. Then would follow an iced fish, every silver scale in place,—so natural in death that I would shudder as I ate. *Pâté à la reine* with *fonds d'artichauts* and a generous dish of asparagus tips and peas from the farm would be succeeded by a salad dressed with walnut oil. Finally would come the *chef d'œuvre*, the dessert, placed on the table by Mademoiselle Marthe herself. Sometimes it would be a chocolate *soufflé*, as light as foam, an *omelette au rhum*, or a *crème mocha;* or again, flaked marrons, with a snowy central mound of whipped cream; or—most enticing of all—acacia blossoms, dipped in batter and served with foaming raspberry sauce.

Well, the clock moves; not always toward happier hours. Twice since the War I have visited Geneva; but on neither occasion did I have the courage to return to the *Pension Manetto*—now in the hands of strangers. Magic memories had best be left untouched; for prying fingers too often let out the sawdust, and leave one's dolly limp in regretful hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PASSING OF THE PACKETS

The Hudson River Steamboat in Literature

By James Owen Tryon

COMMERCE on the Hudson, in these recent years since the barge canal and the deeper channel, has turned largely to the ocean tramp and oil-burning barges. The picturesque steamboats of the old days are vanishing from the water. Many of them still live in the recollections of the oldest inhabitants, though their bones decorate the Perth Amboy graveyard for boats or lie rotting in secluded shoals or bays along the river.

The river has changed also in its physical aspects and many an old-time pilot would find himself at a loss if he were asked to take a steamboat again up the Hudson to Albany. Prior to 1840, Stony Point, Esopus Meadows, Rondout, Saugerties, Four Mile Point, Stuyvesant and Coxsackie were the only lighthouses on the river. Now, as an old steamboat man recently expressed it, "The river is all lighted up like a Christmas tree." Myriads of red, green and yellow beacons and electric flashes mark every twist and turn of the channel. But one has to be up to the minute in navigation to know what they all mean.

What a story for the pen of one of the literary giants of yesteryear—a Washington Irving or a James Fenimore Cooper—would be the epic of the rise and decline of the steam packet on the Hudson River! Cooper, whose little-known history of the American Navy contains some of the finest descriptive writing of his career, could have done justice to the subject had he lived to see the halcyon days of the last decade of the nineteenth century. There is a glamour and romance in the peaceful conquests of a *Swallow* or a *Mary Powell* which even the glorious exploits of a *Constitution* or a *Bon Homme Richard* cannot dim.

Five years ago, from the pen of Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, appeared an interesting volume of steamboat reminiscences under the title, *The Pageant of the Packets*. There is a comprehensive subtitle, "A Book of American Steamboating," but, to Mr. Eskew, steamboating apparently has no existence beyond the reaches of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri and Kanawha. The Hudson is mentioned briefly a few times, but only because of the unavoidable historical fact that Fulton's *Clermont* there made the first successful steamboat voyage.

Fulton, though successful as an inventor of steamships, which carry their machinery below the water line, was, as Mr. Eskew points out, not at all practical when it came to designing a steamboat of shallow draught to ply on western rivers. His *Orleans* was built at Pittsburg in 1811 for the Mississippi trade and broke all records on the downstream trip to New Orleans. But when she turned around and attempted the return voyage she found it impossible to buck the current and stay in the channel.

The Mississippi remained unconquered by the steamboat until 1816, when Henry M. Shreve, after whom Shreveport, La., is named, designed and built at Wheeling the pioneer western steamboat, *George Washington*. He, and not Fulton, was the real inventor of the western river steamboat, although, laments Mr. Eskew, very few people know it and no school histories, encyclopedias or biographies bear witness to it.

Possibly because I was born and have always lived on the banks of the Hudson, its steamboating continues to seem more glamorous than that of the western rivers. There was an endless variety in the craft plying the Hudson, quite distinct from the inevitable Mississippi type with its flat bottom and high paddlewheels at stern or sides. The old darky chant awakes no sympathetic echoes in my consciousness:

"De steamboats on de Hudson,
Lawd knows what makes 'em go!
Dey ain' like de steamboats
Dat I useter know
Down on de Mississippi
And de O-hi-o!"

I suppose that to the primitive intelligence there really might have been something of mystery in what made the Hudson River steamboats go.

Far be it from me to minimize the glory and importance of the Mississippi and the O-hi-o! And what modern scribbler would be presumptous enough to attempt to belittle the army of romancers who have glorified these great waterways in song and story—Mark Twain, Lafcadio Hearn, Harris Dickson, George W. Cable, and many others? But no tribute which justly may be bestowed upon others can detract from the credit due to Robert Fulton, the courageous inventor-pioneer, or from the achievements of the commercial giants of their time who wrested from Fulton and his associates the packet-business on the Hudson.

The stories of these men are business epics. The boats which they designed and built are milestones in the march of progress. And, greatest of all, the court decision which opened the door to competitive steamboating was one of most far-reaching importance. It was the stubborn persistence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, aided by the forensic ability of his brilliant attorney, Daniel Webster, which at length brought about the downfall of the Fulton - Livingston combination. *Gibbons vs. Ogden* is the prosaic title of the litigation which was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States for the determination of the constitutional differences between the sovereign States of New York and New Jersey.

In 1787, long before the *Clermont's* celebrated voyage, the New York Legislature had granted to John Fitch, the inventor of the steamboat engine, the sole and exclusive right to navigate vessels propelled by steam in all creeks, rivers, bays and waters within the jurisdiction of the State for a period of fourteen years. Fitch's experiments with boats were not a practical success and, in 1798, the grant to him was repealed and a new one made to Robert R. Livingston, Fulton's backer, for twenty years. In 1807 the *Clermont* made her famous trip, proving steam navigation to be a practical thing, and the State of New Jersey, anticipating future difficulties with her powerful neighbor, passed a statute declaring that her

jurisdiction over navigable waters extended to the middle of the Hudson River and as far north as the northern line of the State.

In 1808 the Fulton-Livingston interests went to the New York Legislature again and obtained the passage of an act extending their monopoly three years for each additional steamboat constructed, the period not to exceed thirty years in all, and excluding all other persons from navigating the State's waters without a Fulton-Livingston license, the waters being declared to reach to the Jersey shore under royal grant.

New Jersey retaliated in 1811 by declaring that New York unjustly claimed an exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of New Jersey. New York thereupon declared forfeited any unlicensed vessel or boat using steam found navigating the waters of the Hudson and authorized a remedy by injunction to prevent the removal of any such boat that had been seized. New Jersey's reply to this attack was to give to its citizens a cause of action for damages, with triple costs, against any plaintiff rash enough to sue out such a writ of injunction.

Here were two statutes in direct conflict. The question had to be decided and test cases were brought for the purpose. The Fulton-Livingston interests sued out injunctions against two boats, the *Bellona* and the *Stoudinger*, better known as the *Mouse-in-the-Mountain*, which were being operated by Vanderbilt from the Battery in New York to Elizabethtown, in New Jersey. Thomas Gibbons was captain of the *Bellona*, and Ogden, the other part to the action, was a citizen of New Jersey, holding a Fulton-Livingston license to operate a ferry between the same points.

The New Jersey court promptly held that New York had attempted to interfere with the rights of New Jersey in its vested waterways and that Gibbons was entitled to damages and triple costs. With equal promptness, in another action there between the same parties, New York declared Gibbons the loser. He being the appellant from the decision in New York, the title of the appeal in the United States Supreme Court became *Gibbons vs. Ogden*. With Webster appearing in behalf of the appellant and Oakley and Emmett representing the Fulton-Livingston interests, William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States, supporting Webster's contentions, and the magnitude and far-reaching effect of the questions involved, this was one of the most important cases which the court had ever been called upon to decide.

Chief Justice John Marshall, declaring that Congress, in being given the power to regulate commerce, was given the power to regulate navigation, said, "The power to regulate commerce does not look to the principle by which boats were moved . . . Steamboats . . . are entitled to the same privileges and can no more be restrained from navigating waters and entering ports, which are free to such vessels, than if they were wafted on their voyage by the winds instead of being propelled by the agency of fire." Thus, in 1824, was the death-knell rung to the Fulton-Livingston monopoly on the Hudson River and New York Bay.

From 1830 to 1860 was the period of greatest development and keenest competition. These were stirring times for steamboat men. Fortunes were made and lost. In some cases the victory went to the boat which had the strongest-lunged "barkers,"

in others to that which offered the greatest inducements to passengers. In the height of the season it was sometimes possible for a passenger to travel from New York to Albany without paying any fare at all, but a good price was collected from him for meals and berth.

In some seasons no less than seven steamboats left Albany for New York on a single day. The *New World*, the most gigantic river boat of her day, held the record for night boats of transporting one thousand passengers on one trip in August, 1857. The Hudson River Railroad, which was to play an important part in bringing about the decline in steamboat travel, was under construction. Until 1851 it was not completed all the way through to Albany and at Poughkeepsie the passengers were transferred to the steamboats *Armenia* and *Joseph Belknap*, which carried them on as far as the head of navigation.

To this period belonged the *General Jackson*, named in honor of "Old Hickory," and the *Henry Clay*, after the beloved Kentucky Senator. Also the *Isaac Newton*, named not for the famous discoverer of the principle of gravity, but after a Rensselaer County boatman who established the first tow-boat line on the Hudson.

A few years ago I wrote an article on Hudson River Packets for an Albany newspaper, in which I quoted from a letter written by John Bigelow in 1909 to the authors of a little volume entitled, *The Sloops of the Hudson*. I quote from the same letter a few sentences which portray, more graphically than I could, some of the changes which have come to the Hudson. He wrote:

"As I was born but a few rods from that river upon its western bank ninety-one years ago, your book has a degree of interest for me . . .

"I have known that river in its glory, when its waters were the best I have ever drunk; when it abounded with fish enough nearly to feed the entire population for ten miles from both of its banks, and when the white sails of its sloops painted a new picture every hour of the day on its waters for me while sitting on the piazza of my father's house. Now its water is so polluted with drainage that not only no one can safely drink of it, but even the fish that used to abound in it shun it. The picturesque sailing vessels of those days, too, are replaced by two smoky and noisy railroads and by steamers running and always disturbing our rest, day and night. Somebody, I suppose, is making more money than was made in those days, but at what expense of everything that constituted the river's charm, and what is worse—displacing a contented population for another which for the most part 'in seeking the means of living forget the ends of life.' "

The extensive steamboat fleets of the 1890's, upon which Mr. Bigelow and other residents upon the banks of the Hudson were wont to gaze, have shrunk until there are now only about twenty boats which may properly be termed "steam packets," that is, vessels carrying passengers or goods and having fixed routes and sailing dates. Nearly a century ago there were over one hundred.

Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River, by David Lear Buckman, contains many interesting items and anecdotes of the old-time packets. The book was written in preparation

for the Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1909. A steamboat which Mr. Buckman agrees with me in thinking worthy of some words of tribute was the ancient and odd-looking ferryboat *Air Line*, which up to a few years ago had plied between Saugerties and Tivoli since 1857. Another is the old chain-ferry which, I believe, is still in service on Rondout Creek. She was named the *Riverside*, but for half a century and more was affectionately known to the natives as the *Skilly Pot*.

The strenuous competition between rival boats and lines caused numerous catastrophies which might have been averted by a little more attention to the rules of common sense and caution. The roster of Hudson River steamboats contains too many names which recall tragedy and disaster.

The *Reindeer*, built in 1851, was a fast day liner to Albany. Her brief career, in which she had the honor of carrying Jenny Lind on tour to the west, ended with a boiler explosion on September 4, 1852, in which six persons were killed outright and twenty-five others died of their injuries.

The *Isaac Newton*, built in 1846, burned up in 1863, after a boiler explosion. The *P. G. Coffin*, running between Hudson and Albany in the late '50's, then from New York to Nyack, had her name changed to *Alexis*. A second change of name, to that of *Riverdale* brought misfortune, for she exploded a boiler in 1883.

The *Swallow*, of the Troy night line, commenced her career in 1836. She was to be distinguished by a flying swallow painted on her wheelhouse. In 1845 she ran upon a rock near Athens in a storm, broke in two and sank in a few minutes. Fifteen lives were lost. The *Rip Van Winkle*, built in 1845, ran into a bridge at Albany in 1872 and was totally wrecked.

The *St. John*, 420 feet long and the largest fresh-water steamboat in the world, was built in 1863 for the People's Line and met with disaster in her first year. Her boilers exploded, with a loss of fifteen lives. She was rebuilt, however, and ran until 1885, when she burned up at her dock where she was lying in winter quarters. The *Berkshire*, built in 1863 for the New York and Hudson line, caught fire the next year off Hyde Park and burned to the water line, with a sacrifice of forty lives. Her hull was rebuilt and she was converted into a propeller and renamed *Nupha*. The present *Berkshire*, still in service, was built in 1913.

The list is too long for mention of all the steamboats which met tragic ends.

Within ten years after the epoch-making voyage of the *Clermont*, eight steamboats had been constructed and put into service on the Hudson. Among them was the *Richmond*, to which belongs an honor of historical interest. The gallant General Richard Montgomery, killed in action during the attack on Quebec on December 31, 1775, was buried with military honors within the walls of the city. Forty-three years later his body was removed to Albany and lay in state in the Capitol. From there the steamer *Richmond*, temporarily converted into a funeral catafalque, conveyed the remains to their final resting-place in St. Paul's churchyard, New York City, in 1818.

Just as no Mississippi river commentator would be forgiven for failing to mention the *J. M. White*, so it

behooves me before writing "finis" to this article to make mention of the *Mary Powell*. Probably no inland steamboat ever attained such a world-wide reputation as did the *Mary Powell*. And, although the records are not available on this point, she must have made for her owners an enormous amount of money in her long and uninterrupted career.

The *Mary Powell* was built in 1860 and was in practically continuous service from that day until scrapped at Kingston in 1923. Portions of her engines and structure are now in Henry Ford's museum in Detroit. She succeeded the *Thomas Powell* on the day line between Rondout and New York and, in 1869, was purchased by the Hudson River Day Line. She was rebuilt in 1874. Holder of all important river records for speed, it was claimed for her that she had never been "passed." In her famous race with the Herreschoff high power steam yacht *Stiletto* on June 10, 1885, she justified the claim that she could not be "passed," although the yacht managed to keep ahead of her from New York to Sing Sing and there abandoned the race, claiming to have won. But partisans of the *Mary Powell* always contended that while she could have maintained her speed all the way up the river, if necessary, the yacht had shot her bolt in the sprint to Sing Sing.

The *Mary Powell's* runs were uniformly fast and her records many, but one which has always seemed impressive to me is a trip she made in 1881 from New York to Rondout, ninety-two miles, in four hours and twelve minutes.

There is a wealth of material for the literary craftsman in the stories of some of these Hudson River steamboats of the past century. It seems remarkable that their decks have not more often been made the setting for historical novels. What a picture of the times could be painted by a great novelist in a frame already constructed from the glamorous story of a great steamboat!

There are fragments of many such romances to be found in volumes like Fred Irving Dayton's *Steamboat Days; The Hudson River from Ocean to Source*, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon; Morrison's *History of American Steam Navigation*, and *The Hudson River To-day and Yesterday*, by Arthur P. Abbott. But the master hand which can indite the great Hudson River steamboat novel has yet to disclose itself.

HIS MAIDEN VOYAGE

By Mariquita MacManus

THIS is a story of Lower Manhattan—that section which lies between the towering shadows of Wall Street and the arched, grimy shadow of Brooklyn Bridge; the Manhattan which is never quiet from the short, sharp whistles of North River tugs, the patient grinding of trucks, the siren of an ambulance screaming its way across the bridge and all those night noises which uptowners hear faintly and somewhat romantically.

For fifteen years Paddy Grafstrom had listened to these noises, tossing in bed at night or playing baseball in the vacant lot near Cherry Street. But he heard them in their full raucousness, pressing in about him. There was a slight lull from midnight until three o'clock, when the markets began tuning up with the banging of milk cans and the shouts of truckmen. In the midst of this symphony of disharmony rose the sound which he loved—the bass note wail "O-ooo-m-m!" of a ship pulling out of her berth and facing about for her long plow through the Atlantic. The realization that this great vessel was tying Catherine Street to Cristobal, or Brooklyn Heights to Kiev was probably not paramount in Paddy's conscious mind, but something in the sound often brought tears to his eyes. Generations of seafaring men behind him rose in the restless pumping of his heart.

To be sure, Paddy's father was not a sailor. For that matter, he was a cop; a great, healthy blue-eyed Swede, whose ultimate contact with marine affairs was his annual excursion with the wife and kids on the Staten Island ferry to Midland Beach where they picnicked on sand covered with orange peels and pop bottles.

But his mother was Rosie, daughter of the late Captain Patrick McNally of the tug-boat *Sassafras*, who had shipped from Belfast at the age of seventeen as cabin boy on the old *Carpathia*—ran off to sea, both himself and his comrade, Martin Devlin—and both of them destined to be captains. Rosie, however, considered her father's position in the light of a doubtful distinction. When, on the Captain's death the *Sassafras* was sold to pay some mysterious gambling debts, she claimed that the life of a seaman had been the ruination of her father (she forgot that it had also been the making of him!) and on one occasion administered a great strapping to Paddy II. for "hanging about the docks, an' all thim oul' bums f'r companions."

Thus, Paddy's brief career as taxi-starter, fifth assistant baggage-boy and general mascot at the docks of the Black Funnel Line, came to a sudden stop. He grieved for his friends there—two porters and the old watchman, Mickey Lahane, who had once rounded Cape Horn in a clipper ship, and who told him stories of the East. On two glorious occasions he had been present at the docking of the *Teutonic* and had been befriended by a steward, one Lispenard, a very superior person, who smuggled Paddy on board one evening, and in his cabin proudly

showed pictures of his home in Sussex, his children and his dog. There was also a picture of King George, an English flag and an astonishing elephant's tusk made into a drinking horn "str'ight from Hafrica." To Paddy these men symbolized all of life and of glamour. His father tried to comfort him by promising to enter him in the police college as soon as he finished school. But even the prospect of a night-stick and the badge of authority brought little warmth to Paddy's heart. Officer Grafstrom boasted that his children were going to be thoroughly educated before they should worry about working. So Paddy was graduated from parochial grade school to the luxury of public high school. But he was listless over his algebra and business accounting; he preferred to sit through the evenings with Brother Joseph, a lay teacher at St. Ann's, who had been once to Scotland, and had great stories to tell of the Clyde and shipbuilding.

"—And if you would see a great ship, Patrick," said Brother Joseph, "the world's finest will sail next month on her first eastbound voyage—*The City of Plymouth* of the Black Funnel Line. Only you'd have to have a pass to get on to the dock."

"Oh, I could get that, all right," said Paddy eagerly, "I've got—influence—down there!" And he went off smiling importantly.

His mother had other ideas on the subject.

"You keep away from thim docks or I'll know the reason why! I'll have no man about my house reekin' of the salt say. I had enough wid me father, and me workin' me fingers to the bone payin' off his debts. There's not a man jack ever went to say that made a livin' wage. If they don't drown, they die dhrunk. Martin Devlin was the only wan I ever knew who turned respictable. An' he, bad cess to him, if he's alive, wint out of our sight twinty years ago, and him a Captain of his own ship in Australiay." As an afterthought, she added, "You mind, now!" Paddy's answer was to retire to the kitchen window where he watched a lighted palace of a ship glide through the blue haze out of the harbor.

The month passed into a soft, warm May. With spring, they say, comes the wanderlust to the most conservative of men. Small wonder, then, that his dreams were filled with the sough of water across a prow and with bright pictures of an English harbor, seagulls flying low, and the French seacoast with its small, red-sailed fishing smacks. The newspapers were full of stories of stowaways (there was an epidemic of them that spring), some in Zeppelins, many on ships. Most of them managed at least, to reach the other side. His imagination was fired.

On a warm afternoon, he sat quietly on the tenement stoop. At six o'clock the *City of Plymouth* was to leave the Black Funnel Line Docks on her first eastbound voyage. The other kids playing in the street were shouting for him to join; but Paddy sat still, engrossed in plans and visions. His mother came out of the house, a market basket on her arm and a shapeless black hat on her head.

"Goin' up the sthreet to that Eyetalian robber of a vigitibble man," she remarked. "You watch Rosie doesn't cross the sthreet alone. I'll be stoppin' at Mrs. Hogan's on the way back for a sup o' tay."

Instead of moving for her to pass, he put his arm across her shoulders and said, "Well, g'bye, Mom."

She gave his ear a tweak with poorly simulated crossness. "G'wan now, get out o' me road and don't be dhraggin' on me, you great baby."

Paddy smiled, a bit dramatically, to himself, and thought, little she knows. Then he went up the stairs two at a time and hauled his Sunday suit from the closet (God be praised, it had long pants!). As he dressed he looked heroically about the familiar rooms—perhaps the last look for years! He also composed a note which he scrawled and laid on the kitchen table:

"Dear Mom and Pop:

"I'm running away. I guess you'll be mad but don't try to look for me because then it will be to late. Please do not think I am not satisfide I am. You are very good to give me such a swell edducation and all but I don't want to be edducated or be a cop very much I guess. Johnnys bright he gets good marks and he'll make a wonderful cop. I guess I'm just diferrent from the other kids and I just make Mom mad stickin around docks and all that so I'm just going away for a little while. Give my love to Johnny and Rosie and Mary and a kiss for the baby. Your going to be proud of me when I get back. Lots of love from your son

"Patrick.

"P. S. I'll try and bring back some presents so you won't be so mad. A parot or something for Mom. "P."

It was thrilling to think as he went down the stairs that the next time he came up them, he would be a new Paddy, broad-shouldered, leather-skinned, travel-weary—any phrase from the sea-stories would fit the picture!

Somewhere in the jam of taxis and baggage he found one of his old friends, a porter who told him that Mickey Lahane, the watchman, was upstairs on the dock. The pier was a huge kaleidoscope of color and action; banners, banging of trunks, crowds of bright faces, stalls of flowers and the shouts of Western Union boys fed the boy's excitement, and he was impatient to find Mickey. The kindly old man was delighted to see him and knew somebody who knew the agent who would give Paddy a pass. After half an hour of commotion, Lahane slipped him a white card.

"Goodby now boy, and don't forget to get off when the bugle blows!" he shouted.

The officer at the head of the gangplank looked suspiciously at the small boy in long pants, but he accepted the pass and said nothing. For he was indeed a small fifteen-year-old, and he was made to feel the size of a grasshopper as he pushed his way through the crowd and stuck an inquisitive nose into the magnificent saloons filled with plate glass and the noise of people chattering. He could never have imagined these miles of paneled corridors with painted Egyptians marching along at intervals, or these many, many little desks with shaded lamps. The rich smell of rubber flooring delighted him, but it got into a lump in his throat along with the smell of fresh paint, and all the little lights which studded the ceiling swam together so that he felt dizzy and wanted to get out of doors. It was just then that the sharp-looking steward appeared and asked, more or less politely, as he glared:

"Was there some one you were looking for, sir?"

"Well, no. I was looking for a—a deck."

"Which deck, please, sir—Promenade, Game or Sun Deck?"

"The—the—uh—Sun D e c k, of course," Paddy was embarrassed by all this splendor.

"This way, then, sir." And when he finally climbed out of the companionway, he felt better. It was on a wide, clear space amidships, partly shielded by an awning, set about with wicker tables and striped lounging chairs. He walked over to the rail and looked down, down past many decks to the third class section, where the hold was open, and an automobile was being lowered in by a derrick. There were crowds of people in third class, too—perhaps some one's maid, and some one's valet, working people of English birth, and some ill-paid professors—all feeling privileged to cross on so great a liner, and even now thrilled by visions of little steepled English towns.

The band started to play on some lower deck. Paddy looked over at the river and saw an old ferryboat sidling out towards Jersey, the red sun hanging above the Palisades and several orange peels and a cardboard box being carried out to sea with the river tide. He felt his courage slipping. It was all very easy to say you would stow away—but how did you *do* it? There would be no hiding on this boat with a steward at your elbow every time you turned around, and hundreds of people milling about the pier and the decks. Even as he thought this, a group of schoolgirls, linked arm in arm, ran out on the deck.

He turned from the rail with annoyance and strolled into the covered deck, past portholes and mysterious doorways until he was confronted with a sign which read: "Passengers Not Admitted. Officers' Quarters." There was no one about, so the Irish in Paddy lifted the gate and went up the stairs. He came out on the narrow top-deck, flanked on one side by doors leading to the Captain's and Chief Engineer's quarters, and on the other by white iron bars which supported a row of covered lifeboats.

Far down below a warning bugle blew four short notes and two long ones, and a voice cried in the distance, "All ashore that's going ashore!" Paddy's blood turned to ice and for the second time that day he was dizzy with excitement; the whiteness of the wall leaped out at him, the smell of oil and smoke and sea water and the grinding of many chains overwhelmed him, and he was forced to lean against the lifeboat standard for support. He said to himself, "I can't go home now! I can't! I won't! They've read the note now. They'll laugh at me. If I can hide away for now, I'll be safe. To-morrow it will be too late, and the worst they can do is to put me in irons."

Through the twilight he observed the lights of many ships gliding through the bay, seaward, and beckoning to the ghostly sailor within him. The clamor below, which had faded to a buzz, rose again to a shriek and there were cries and shouts from the pier. All at once, he heard voices below and the noise of the gate to the companionway being opened. He made his decision; with the swiftness and silence of a cat he pulled himself up the pole, tumbled into the lifeboat and pulled the canvas cover over him. It was as easy as that.

The voices were beneath him now and he giggled nervously. They were English voices—obviously those of two officers. One said:

"I say, isn't this a thrill? A prettier boat never lifted anchor in this harbor."

"Rather! Look at that mob! There's not an empty berth on the ship."

The voices seemed to move away. He was thankful that the lifeboat was so big, because it was scarcely cool under the canvas cover. By a slight lift of his finger he could see the pier below. There were floodlights on the crowd; all sorts of flags and handkerchiefs were being waved wildly. Suddenly a head-splitting blast came from somewhere directly above him, ending in a long wail. The noise and movement on the pier became more violent, the band began to play "God Save the King," and the great ship shuddered and started to back slowly out of her berth. Paddy forgot all caution and, lifting the cover, watched until she was in midstream, and heading down the river. Then he lay back, his head pounding. He contented himself with periodic peeks at the lighted skyline, which had never seemed so thrilling.

Waves of heat and emotion passed over him till he could endure it no longer, and he eased himself up to a point in the stern where there was a small hole in the canvas through which he could breathe. Again he heard voices coming toward him, and he lay very still. They were the cockney voices of two stewards. One sounded vaguely familiar to Paddy:

"S'y you oughter 'ave Number 39 A. Big as a 'aouse and always ringin' 'er blarsted bell. First she wants me to wash 'er blarsted pom, and the port'ole closed, and then hopened, and then closed—"

"I know 'ow 'tis. I've got one, too."

Paddy relaxed as the voices trailed away. There was silence then, except for the wash of water against the steel sides, the thrum of the engines below and the occasional business-like groan of a passing tug. He was startled by a sharp report against the stiff canvas; then another and another, until he realized that it was beginning to rain. He was in a comfortable position, safe from the rain, which beat steadily on the cover. Pretty soon the excitement died down, and all sound grew fainter and fainter as he drowsed off.

He dreamt that the first mate in pirate's dress had discovered him and they were making him walk the plank blindfolded. He fell in and began to swim with all his might, but there was a terrific explosion behind him, and he knew that they were firing the cannon after him. He let out a roar fit to waken the dead, and began to sink, swallowing water. He woke himself up in the process. The cannon-fire had been a clap of thunder, and the rain, coming down in sheets, was pouring through the hole in the canvas right into his wide-open mouth. He lay trembling, hoping that no one had heard him.

Some one was rapping on the lifeboat; the possessor of one of the cockney voices which he had heard before, shouted:

"Oo's hup thyre? S'y, come aout of thyre, 'ooever it is!" Paddy took a peep—looked down over the edge of the boat. He saw a man in a great rubber coat and a flash of lightning illuminated the wet face of his old friend, Lispenard.

"Well, hI'll be blowed!" the steward blinked against the rain as he stared up at Paddy. "W'at the dooce are *you* doin' up thyre?"

"Stowed away." He grinned sheepishly.

"Well of all the blimed rascality! Well, you'll 'ave to come daown now. Y' can't stay thyre on a night like this, and anyw'y it's my dooty to report you right aw'y." Lispenard looked up with mingled annoyance, grief and determination. "I must tyke you up to the purser this hinstant," he said as Paddy scrambled down from his perch.

Lispenard, it seems, had been taken on as special steward to the Captain, Martin Devlin (where would any good English ship be without an Irishman in the hold or at the helm?).

"I don't raightly know what they'll do to you, Patrick, but I can't say as 'ow it will be very pleasant, I'm sure."

"What's this? What's this, now?" The sharp demand startled, and more deeply agitated Paddy, who was already being assailed with the consciousness of his guilt. He beheld two hundred and fifty pounds of gold braided official, and sharp eyes boring through him. This official had halted, passing.

"Stowaw'y, Capting, sir," Lispenard saluted as he spoke.

"Stowaway! Stowaway! Indeed, and I'll halt that rapscality right now! Bring the little scoundrel to my cabin. By the powers, I'll hang, shoot or drown one of these rascals, or I'll put a stop to their game!"

The trembling Paddy found himself propelled into a small room which was mostly occupied by a huge table covered with charts and papers. Under a green-shaded light, into a swivel chair, the two hundred and fifty pounds of a Black Funnel Captain dropped himself. He gave Paddy a look that could hardly be described as sociable.

"Eh? Eh?" He bored poor Paddy through and through with his eyes again. "What kind of a scamp are ye anyway? Do ye think we haven't enough worry running a boat such as this without the likes of you chipping in some more? Do you know that there are heavy punishments for stowaways?"

The Captain's bluster wasn't devoid of a certain instinctive kindliness. But Paddy couldn't see that.

Paddy thought, he can't frighten me; I knew all that before I came away. But he said: "Yes, sir; are you going to put me in irons, sir, or confine me on a diet of bread and water?"

Despite himself, the Captain burst into a laugh, "Well, I did think of giving you both—this, in case I decided against hanging you from the masthead. But, as we've fortunately caught you early enough to send you back, we'll leave it to the law to shoot or hang you in New York." He glanced at the clock on the wall. It was just ten. "Steward, go to the wireless room and tell Harvey to wire the *City of Manchester*, just coming in, to pick up this rascal at Quarantine for delivery in New York."

Lispenard, looking crestfallen, went out. Paddy suddenly dropped his head on the table and wept loud and hard. He hadn't thought of the possibility of being returned. Better they'd hang him at the masthead and be done with it.

"Oh, if you'd only let me stay, Captain, I'd do anything — wash dishes, scrub decks, go up the mast —or—*anything!*" he gulped out.

The Captain's eye twinkled. Yet

there was genuine sympathy in it. "No. Sorry. It's impossible."

With well-guarded interest he studied Paddy. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Patrick McNally Grafstrom," indifferently. He was wiping his eyes on his cuff now. The Captain's red face grew redder. "What! Pat McNally! No! Come over to the light." He was on his feet and dragging forward the reluctant Paddy. He studied the boy's twitching features, muttering to himself the while.

"Who was your mother's father, sir, and where did he hail from?"

"Same as me, Patrick McNally—from Belfast. He run away like me—himself and another."

Such a whack on the back did he get from the Captain's big hand, that for the moment he was sorry it wasn't the masthead he had got instead.

"Did ye ever hear tell in your home of a Martin Devlin?"

"I did. My mother says, bad cess to him, he turned respictable and a Captain of his own ship in Australiay."

Lispenard nearly lost his cockney poise when he returned to find the two at the table, the Captain putting the questions faster than the young lad could answer them. He turned to the steward and said:

"Go get some food on a tray for this fella. He's half starved and cold with the rain and all."

When he came with the tray they were still talking. Paddy went through a bowl of soup, three sandwiches, and a good-sized piece of pie gesticulating all the time. And when Lispenard, after a time, returned to announce that *"The City of Manchester's* hove to off thyre, sir," the Captain finished up by saying:

"Now, look here, Patrick, I'll fix it up this time, but don't be up to any more divilment. Your grandfather and I ran off, to be sure, but it was different then. You go back and work at your studies for another year, like your mother wants you to, then I give you my word that we'll likely be needing a cabin boy or something of the sort. But come to me and ask for it, don't go stowing away up there in a lifeboat!"

Paddy was very proud as Lispenard handed him on to the pilot boat, and so far stooped from his dignity as to whisper:

"So long, myte."

So it happened that two great ships paused in their passage for the exchange of small cargo. Paddy spent a very comfortable night anchored in the bay, in a spot which he could probably have seen from his own kitchen window.

Next morning as he came down the gangplank toward the newspaper squad waiting for him, he felt a mighty important personage. That is, until he sighted his mother. The cameras that snapped his picture at this moment, recorded a face with a very frightened expression! Paddy prayed that she wouldn't "start in" on him in front of all these people.

But she swept up to him followed by the entire family and enveloped him in her arms as though he were returning from ten years' travels. After embracing and weeping appropriate tears, she drew back her head and, looking at him sharply, said:

". . . And now, what the divil would *I* be wantin' wid a parrot?"

FOOL'S MARTYRDOM

By William Thomas Walsh

RATHER than waste in bed, or undergo
The long disintegration of a cheese,
I would be cradled early on the knees
Of an outrageous death. If I could know
The laughter of Saint Thomas More, brought low
For God, in hair shirt draining to the lees
The headsman's bitter dram, with pleasantries
About his beard; if I could touch the glow
That warmed Saint Paul's great heart under the pain
Of mortal dread and loneliness that day
He bared his shaggy neck to Cæsar's sword—
Then, like those nuns who sang till they were slain,
I'd cheaply hold the veil which, shorn away,
Would leave me face to face with Christ Our Lord.

But such high gifts may not be hoped for—not
By men like me. That gorgeous blossoming
Of spirit from the calyx of a thing
So perishable as flesh was never bought
Without much cost of seed, much digging fraught
With sweaty tears. Did ever bird on wing
Leap in the face of the joyous sun to sing
Without first limping, flopping, being taught?
And so did Paul prepare for splendid death
By God knows what small daily crosses borne
In the Arab desert, alone. And the blithe More
By prayer, and many a human foible torn
From youth. The Carmelites' expiring breath
Was sweet from fast, and scant rest on bare floor.

Then let romantic sluggards hold their peace,
And those who have no stomach for the gall
And vinegar of penance never call
For living wine from that Christ-Cup whose lees
Have cleansed with blood the whole world's calvaries.
For how can fools who hardly speak at all
Without offense, aspire to die with Paul?
Can they bear swords who dread sharp words, draughts, fleas?
Oh, God, is it because great stuff is lacking
From our complacent souls that You ordain
That we must die by inches, year by year,
Like heavy ships against Your mercy tacking,
Stealing the wind they dare not face, to gain
Calm shores at last, beyond this dearth and fear?

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

IT is a mistake to suppose that the things of the spirit have flourished only in times when all in the great world was serene or lethargic. The very uncertainties of the era have driven many students to examine more intently those things in art, literature and philosophy which have outlived the uncertainties of past times, to examine with more curiosity those things in current art and literature which seem to hint of a more equitable and reasonable future beyond the tumult of these days. The gospel of a cheap and quick success has come to seem less plausible than it did to the commencement listeners as well as to the commencement orators of five or six years ago. There is another hope at once more modest, more creditable and more attainable: the hope of a life full and sensitive and rich with the best in the humane tradition.

—Irwin Edman, Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University, in *The New York Times*.

Taste an author's books through the agency of the circulating libraries if you will, but when you find a book which is rewarding, when you find a book which has merit and is worth keeping, then buy it! For if you don't the authors will go to the wall. Believe me, if royalties fall much lower than their present level our book writers will have no choice but to wear the red kimono in earnest, to write short stories and smart serials instead of books, to hire themselves out as scenario writers, to write (under assumed names) that sticky tripe which clutters up the worst circulating libraries, and to wear themselves out on the lecture platform or crooning over the air.

—Edward Weeks, Editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

The youth [of today] gives up history, which is memory; he gives up religion and philosophy and literature which are garnered interpretations of experience that teach men how to live. He does not learn how to live; he learns how to build and control machines. The father is amazed that the results are often like those that would ensue if a child of three were given as playthings sticks of dynamite and vials of virulent poison.

—Ludwig Lewisohn, *The Permanent Horizon*.

The failures [in marriage] are sad enough. But it is no solution to erect into a standard the conduct of those who have failed. Men and women fail in other ways too. They lie and cheat, many of them; and no laws can force them to be honest. Should this suggest that we give up trying to develop in children a love of honesty?

—Henry Neumann, in *Molders of American Thought*.

So far from it being true that religion and philosophy have no concern for the artist or he for them, it is only when a religion and philosophy have become the unifying principle of a nation that any great works, whether steel bridges or stone shrines, are possible, and the

decay of human art follows immediately upon the weakening of men's grasp upon the motives of action.

—Eric Gill, *Beauty Looks after Herself.*

To the writer it seems that the selfishness, apathy and prejudice which prevent intellectually gifted people from understanding the character of the present crisis in civilization is a far greater menace to the survival of culture than the prevalence of mental defect in the technical sense of the term.

—Lancelot Hogben, *Nature and Nurture.*

It was inevitable that radio should claim the identical boy twins of Washington Heights. . . . Their advent before the radio was inevitable because the radio gets them all. Dogs have barked into the microphone. Movie stars at Hollywood premières have cooed into the microphone. The shy English nightingale from its hidden home in the forest thickets has unwittingly poured its heart out in song for the radio. The electrons have staged their wild dance for the radio, and so have the wild professors with their economic plans. Nothing that is human is foreign to me, said the Latin playwright. Nothing that can make a noise is outside my competence, says the microphone.

—*The New York Times.*

If the human race is really what it has appeared to be in the last novels of some Southern writers, it is high time for us to begin chanting the battle hymn of the grasshoppers. Exterminate them, I say. Let the grasshoppers win.

—Ellen Glasgow.

What, for instance, do historians and commentators mean when they say, "War is inevitable"? They mean, and all they have a right to mean, is that war cannot be avoided if the nations of the world continue to arm against each other in an excess of mounting petty nationalism. They mean that as long as imperial trade rivalries persist there will be clashes in the reaching out for colonies. They mean that religious and race prejudice split the world's attempts to reach co-operative effort. They mean that the profit system in itself is a kind of warfare in which the strong prey upon the weak and make capital of their necessities. And yet, not one of these conditions is inevitable. They may be ancient, and it is true that the feet of many are set in the old and the familiar ways. The stone is very great. But it can be rolled away. And do not tell me glibly, "You can't change human nature," for when was it ever human nature to desire hunger instead of plenty, death rather than life, and fear before the tranquillity of mass security? —Heywood Broun.

You cannot change human nature. You don't need to. But you can certainly change human behaviour, conduct, which is what matters: Cannibalism, human sacrifice, slavery, polygamy, heretic burning, legal torture, the duel, are cases in point. These changes of behaviour are brought about mainly by changes of ideas; ideas of what is workable, right, wrong, pleasant, desirable. Our very desires change.

—Norman Angell, *Peace and the Plain Man.*

Visitors to Italy, Germany, Russia, whatever their opinions, are impressed with the amount of ozone, so to speak, in the mental atmosphere . . . Liberty is gone, yet there is a curious atmosphere of liberation. Why? Because the dictators

have discovered how to put the tremendous forces of collective emotion behind the collective destiny. That—that alone—is the secret of their power. The means they have employed are not new, nor esoteric, nor even very emotional in themselves. Hitler is almost cynically frank about the technique of the achievement. It rests, in every case, on the power of the myth. The myth is the current which fuses mass emotion and mass ideology into unity of purpose.

—WILLIAM ORTON, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June.

What we must explain to-day is not why preachers should seek to develop a social philosophy, but how we ever reached the very odd conclusion that religion could be sound and significant without one. To the economist and to our modern salesman or big business man the end of all human activity is buying and selling, the satisfaction of desires, while to the Church or to the religious man the felicity of man consists in the discharge of obligations. . . . From modern man's business practice and economic theory, God, the individual and his conscience have largely disappeared. That this is peculiar to our modern age will be evident to anyone who recalls that until the sixteenth century economics was only a branch of ethics, and ethics of theology.

—CHRISTIAN GAUSS, *A Primer for To-morrow*.

When you try to appraise a civilization, you must examine among other things its attitude toward religion and its attitude toward property. I should say that this new generation will put an end to the American worship of wealth and to the American contempt for poverty. The men of the future will be as eager as any of us to make money, . . . but I don't think that they will identify wealth with virtue or poverty with vice.

—JOHN ERSKINE, in *Molders of American Thought*.

It is no longer possible for architects to put up buildings according to their personal æsthetic predilections. It is no longer possible for clients to order from the architect buildings in this style or that because they happen to think Gothic is uplifting and spiritual, or that Classical is dignified and sedate. It is no longer possible, because buildings are not built in the architect's office and they are not in any real sense any longer built by men. They are built generally by machinery and . . . they are therefore radically different in kind from buildings built by human beings. For machines are not simply tools which you can use like a chisel to make what you like. The man who minds the machine does not make what he likes but simply and solely what the machine has been designed to make (the machine-minder, however skilful, is simply a part of the machinery). And on building operations wherein men have been turned into mechanical appliances, you can only do what is in accordance with the nature of mechanical appliances.

—ERIC GILL, in *The American Review*, Summer.

THE CASE FOR THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT

By Joseph McSorley
of the Paulist Fathers

SENOR EMILIO PORTES GIL, formerly President of the Republic of Mexico, and later the Secretary of Foreign Relations, has published an official statement of the Government's case in the present conflict between Church and State in Mexico.[1] Brought out last November, while Señor Gil was Attorney General of the Republic, it is prefaced by a letter from President Rodriguez, transmitting to the Attorney General proofs and papers bearing upon the charges against the Catholic Clergy. The body of the book is a legal opinion, over one hundred pages in length, which professes "to set forth the criminal interference of the Catholic Clergy in the Republic of Mexico, in past times and at this day." By way of an Appendix there appear excerpts from letters written by the Bishop of Huejutla and by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Ruiz y Flores; and on the last page of the book is published the order for their arrest should they attempt to enter Mexico.

I.

The volume before us is therefore a Government document. That it is poorly written and clumsily put together seems hardly worth mentioning.[2] Yet the fact is not without significance, as was pointed out to me by a Mexican friend to whom I had expressed astonishment that a Government document should be so carelessly prepared. My friend's answer was, "That should help you to understand the type of person who is governing my poor country!" With this in mind, it is perhaps worth while to note that Señor Gil repeatedly refers to the Apostolic Delegate as "Mr." Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, thus betraying the measure of his own culture. But these are minor matters. What is more important and what every well-informed reader will quickly perceive is that "the whole pamphlet is a slander which ignores the great work done by the Church to foster civilization and charity in Mexico since the colonial days to the present time. Señor Portes Gil either does not know the real history of his own country, or has misrepresented it, with the purpose of humiliating the Church . . ."[3]

Although the author is amazingly inconsistent and, so far as exact meaning is concerned, often unintelligible, one easily enough gets the

[1] *The Conflict Between the Civil Power and the Clergy.* Historical and Legal Essay. By Emilio Portes Gil, Attorney General of the Republic. Mexico: Press of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

[2] The following is a typical sentence (p. vii.): "These activities of the Catholic clergy are nothing new, nor are they a surprise either for the elements of the Revolution or for the Nation, because it is a case of an historical attitude persistently maintained, by which they endeavor, by taking advantage of any opportunity, to assail any advanced principle or any benefit which the people may have succeeded in winning by force of arms from its traditional and ancient enemy, who, when circumstances are favorable to him crouches in concealment, but not inactive, awaiting the time when his diminished prestige and lessened power shall oblige him to adopt an attitude that will seem decisive." Dr. Macfarland, quoting this sentence in his *Chaos in Mexico*, had to edit it slightly in order to make it intelligible.

[3] Archbishop Diaz quoted by Dr. Charles S. Macfarland in *Chaos in Mexico*, p. 162.

drift of his argument, which is, that all the evils of Mexico come from the Church, and that the Church must be destroyed in order to save Mexico. He regards the action of his Government as justified "because in Mexico the Clergy never has had any legitimate interest and because it is not and never will be, capable of modifying its attitude."[4] He attempts to demonstrate this thesis by a rapid survey of the past 300 years, studded with quotations and references, and by a brief account of recent events. He concludes with the assurance that his Government is now busy safeguarding the nation.

This view of the situation makes the Mexican Government's task look comparatively simple. It has discovered a cure-all,—"Abolish the Catholic Church!" Yet a cynical psychologist might perhaps describe the book as a "wish-fulfillment"; and the reader, after finishing the last page, will still be waiting for proof that the evil state of Mexico is due to the Church, and that the Government is making an adequate attempt to solve the country's problems.

The reading of this book suggests the reflection that it would be an admirable thing if everyone could be trained to adopt a scientific technique in the discussion of such matters as the Mexican dispute. People would then be ready, when charges are made against either party, to ask the following four questions:

1. Who is the authority for that charge?
2. What is his status as to information, truthfulness, freedom from prejudice?
3. What are his exact words?
4. From his exact words, what inference may be logically drawn?

This careful and intelligent method of approach is seldom used, however. Both sides—but especially the Church—have suffered from the flinging about of extravagant charges and sweeping generalizations.

Now readiness to believe ill of the Catholic Church is an old English custom, and pseudo-English history used to be the ever bubbling source of poisonous fictions about the clergy. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is one of those who have exposed this injustice and helped in part to remove it. We no longer find in modern English stories, as in the pages of *Westward Ho!* that every Protestant is a hero, and every Catholic a trickster and a coward. Critical history has made that type of tale look silly.

As for Mexico, much still remains to be done in this respect. Charles Lummis, in the introduction to *Spanish Pioneers* tells how impossible it was to get at the truth about the Spanish settlers in Mexico in his early days, when Bancroft's fanciful pages about the noble Aztecs and the blood-thirsty Spaniards were taken as sober history. Lummis lived to see Adolf Bandelier and his school correct the prevalent mistakes about the Conquistadores. But as yet no one has made a complete critical study of Mexican history nor of the Church in Mexico; although Engelhardt's four volumes on the California Missions give an idea of what might be done. This work, a model of its kind, tells the story of one group of Mexican missionaries; and the friars described in its pages are of the heroic stamp of Junipero Serra and Eusebio Kino, a type, to say the least, far from ignoble.

[4] *Op. cit.*, p. 95.

Engelhardt deals only with California from 1683 on. We shall be better off as soon as we get an English compendium of the work of Father P. Mariano Cuevas, S.J.,[5] which studies the Mexican Church during its whole four hundred years of existence. That compendium could be supplemented with selections from the valuable monograph prepared by José R. Benítez[6] for the Ibero-American Exposition of Seville, which by means of carefully made charts, statistics and commentary presents an impressive picture of cultural activities in Mexico from the time of the Spanish conquest onward.

Until we possess an adequate history of the Church in Mexico, however, it will be necessary to be on our guard lest calumnies constantly repeated acquire a certain authority. A charge made over and over again without contradiction may at last be taken for granted. So lovers of truth should be careful to let no statement on the Mexican Church pass unchallenged, and to ask for a definite reference to a reliable authority before accepting anything.

Señor Gil's book is a good one upon which to practice this gentle art of criticism. He states frankly that he has undertaken his survey of Mexican history for the sole purpose of showing up the defects and iniquities of the Catholic Church; but he overlooks the necessity of respecting the laws of evidence; and he presents his case in a way not calculated to carry conviction.

This is illustrated in his discussion of education, a subject on which he has a good deal to say. That was to be expected. One of the best known facts about Mexico is its high percentage of illiteracy; and Señor Gil boldly repeats the familiar charge that the Church is responsible for this. Curiously enough, not only does he fail to present proof that his charge is true, but he actually proves that it is false. This he does in the course of a demonstration that, under Diaz, the Catholic clergy acted in technical violation of the law.

Eight colleges, he tells us, were established by the Church in the State of Mexico; *forty*, in the State of Michoacan; *forty*, in the Federal District; *eight*, in the State of Oaxaca; *twelve*, in the State of Guanajuato; *eighteen*, in the State of Jalisco, and *thirteen*, in the State of Puebla. Furthermore the clergy founded asylums and hospitals and put them in the charge of nuns and members of different Orders. In the State of Puebla, there were two of these institutions; in the State of Mexico, a hospital and an orphanage; in the Federal District, *eighteen* asylums, a lying-in hospital and two poorhouses. It seems almost incredible that Señor Gil should thus supply us with valuable testimony to the beneficent activity of the Church in the field of education and social welfare, and should thus beautifully refute the charges made on other pages of his book; but he does.

Do not fail to note the significant circumstances that, in its zeal for the law, *the Government closed every one of the institutions just named and confiscated their endowments.*

The rise and fall of education in

[5] *Historia de la Iglesia en Mexico.* 5 vols. El Paso, Texas. 1928.

[6] *Historia Grafica de la Nueva España. Recopilada y Redactada por Iniciativa de la Camara Oficial Española de Comercio en los Estados Unidos Mexicanos y Editada por la Misma.* Mexico, 1929. Especially noteworthy are Charts 9 to 15, dealing with Religious Establishments, Publications, Education, Welfare, Arts and Industries, Fine Arts, Mechanics.

Mexico really makes an amazing story all in favor of the Catholic Church. Shortly after the landing of the Spaniards in 1521, a law was made that a school should be attached to every parish church and to every principal convent. Some of these schools contained a thousand pupils and the curriculum included together with Religion, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Arts, Crafts and Latin. Before 1550 twelve women teachers had come out from Spain and six schools for girls had been started. The famous College of Santa Cruz was founded in 1534 and the Pontifical University of Mexico in 1553. The University gave courses in Theology, Scripture, Law, Arts, Rhetoric, Greek and Mathematics. It enjoyed the same academic privileges as the University of Salamanca and during the 222 years of its existence bestowed the Baccalaureate on nearly 30,000 students. Benitez lists the names of many of its famous graduates, some of whom occupied Chairs in the faculties of European universities. An unusually capable observer, the distinguished Von Humboldt, who visited Mexico in 1803 and published his impression of conditions there, says: "The capital and other cities have scientific establishments which will bear comparison with those of Europe."[7]

To sum it up, one may say that Mexico contained so many schools for boys and girls before the Revolution got to work in 1810 that, in Bishop Kelley's words, "there had never been a country on the face of the earth that in so short a time had done so much in an educational way."[8] To be sure the work of education had not been carried on equally well at all times and in all places, nor was it accomplished without a certain amount of opposition and interference on the part of the civil authorities. They sometimes took the attitude that the Indians were being overeducated; and they made this the ground of complaint to the Crown as early as 1570. But during the Colonial Period the Church, on the whole, received encouragement and support from the Government. After Independence, it was another story.

To understand the situation, we must recall a few historical details. In 1833 a little more than ten years after the separation from Spain, the Mexican Government began to appropriate Church lands, buildings, and endowment funds. In 1857 the total property of the Church, amounting to 50,000,000 Mexican dollars (one-half that amount in U. S. money), was confiscated. Under Diaz (1876-1911) there was a respite, but in 1914, Church property to the amount of $10,000,000 was taken away. This meant the impoverishment of the schools and asylums which had been supported by the Church. In many libraries—the New York Public Library for example—you will find records giving the name, place and date of public institutions, founded and maintained for years by the Catholic Church, but eventually destroyed by the Mexican Government.[9]

As a typical case take the Asylum for the Poor in Mexico City, founded in 1763 and supported by the Archbishop. At the school connected with this institution, the children were taught useful crafts. The Government confiscated the endow-

[7] *Political Essay on New Spain*, cited by Bishop Kelley in *Blood-Drenched Altars*, 1st ed., p. 93.

[8] *Blood-Drenched Altars*, p. 101.

[9] Dozens of these are listed in the 3d ed. of Kelley, *Blood-Drenched Altars*, p. 417, sqq.

ment and the school had to be abandoned in 1863.[10]

The outline of the tragic story can be discerned by attentive readers even in the accounts written by "revolutionary" authors. One comes upon such statements as these: "Meanwhile individuals growing more imperious because Government was less stable, produced innumerable political effects reacting on education. . . . That disorganization reacted fatally on public education . . . The missions formerly so useful among the indigenous population degenerated likewise because the religious fervor cooled down to such a degree that the Government was obliged to support them. . . . The institutions founded by private initiative decayed . . . because their funds . . . began to pass into the hands of the Government . . . and although this acknowledged the interests it was hardly ever able to pay them."[11]

In plain English this means that the funds accumulated by the Church for education were appropriated by the revolutionary government; and the schools were ruined. And that tells where history will place the responsibility for Mexican illiteracy—squarely on the shoulders of the Government.

With these things in mind, the historian Cuevas registers his conviction that it would have been fortunate if Mexico had separated from Spain in the middle of the eighteenth century. For the last half of that century brought a series of misfortunes, such as the influx of the Swiss and German mercenaries in the new standing army, the expulsion of the Jesuits (1767), the introduction of revolutionary ideas, the flooding of the country with undesirable immigrants who wished to live *"sin Dios, sin rey y sin ley."* Observing men foresaw disaster. As early as 1761, four of the bishops of New Spain addressed a vigorous protest to the King urging curative and preventive measures. Their protest was bold but ineffectual; and the gradually demoralized country was able to oppose little resistance to the destructive forces which took possession of it in 1821 and made it a stranger to peace and normal development for more than a hundred years.

These are the facts which cannot be explained away by any number of theories, or promises, or accusations. No sane or honest man who knows them would blame the Catholic Church for the illiteracy of the Mexican people at the present day. Let us not be bamboozled by official propaganda; by pictures of the new Library in Mexico City; by descriptions of the Calles' Industrial School, or the up-to-date Rodriguez' Market, established, by the way, in a building which was formerly a Jesuit College; nor by speeches about the nation-wide modern rural school system which the Government promises—mark the word, *promises*—to establish. When everything is summed up, the Government, in spite of all its fine talk, is down on the records as the assassin of a living school system which was a blessing to Mexico.

[10] The foundling asylum in Mexico City, two insane asylums, the maternity hospital and other institutions met a similar fate. In a word, when the Church possessed resources, the people were comparatively well off in the matter of education and public welfare; and when the Government took over the resources, the institutions were destroyed.

[11] From Tome I., Vol. II., Part VI., Chapter VIII., of *Mexico: Its Social Evolution:* Monumental Inventory, Summing Up in Masterly Expositions the Great Progress of the Nation in the XIX. Century, By Various Authors, Literary Editor: Licentiate Justus Sierra. Translated into English by G. Sentinon. Mexico: J. Ballesca and Company, Successors. 1904.

II.

I pass on now to another consideration, namely, that Señor Gil's whole volume is really an attempt to get away from the main issue.

In almost any argument, it is difficult to keep attention focused on the main point. This is especially true when, as in Mexican affairs, there are several interesting side issues which tend to gather around and obscure the main issue. I say, "tend to gather around," but perhaps in this case it would be more correct to say "when they are deliberately introduced to lead us away from the principal question." Obviously the big issue here, is the right of the Mexican Government to act as it has been acting towards the bishops, priests and people of the Catholic Church. There are many contributions by Government sympathizers on all sorts of more or less irrelevant or minor points, but not once have I come upon a statement by or for the Government, which frankly presents the main question, and proceeds to consider the arguments pro and con.

It is necessary therefore, to keep reminding ourselves and others of the chief issue—the issue which has finally attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, the issue which, if it can be kept in focus long enough, will win away from the side of the Mexican Government everyone except the equivalent Communists.

Let me restate the issue here: The Government, according to its own declaration, has undertaken to destroy the Catholic Church in Mexico. In pursuit of that end it has deprived thousands of Catholics not only of fundamental rights commonly recognized by civilized nations, but also of their constitutional rights as Mexican citizens. To be specific, the Government has done the following things:

1. It has put citizens to death without trial.

2. It has banished priests entirely from an area inhabited by approximately six million Catholics.

3. It has disfranchised all clergymen.

4. It has forced all school teachers to join the dominant political party and to make definite statements about religion under penalty of dismissal.

5. It has forcibly imposed "religious" instruction of a prescribed form on all the children of the nation.

6. It has, in wholesale fashion, violated freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of correspondence and the right of petition.

7. It has affirmed that Mexicans possess no rights save those granted in a Constitution voted upon only by members of the party in power.

Accused by witnesses so numerous and so varied that their testimony cannot be ignored, the Mexican Government is now under indictment before the court of world opinion. It is charged with having violated fundamental human rights. The question of its guilt or innocence is to be decided with the help of all available evidence.

Now those who think the Government *must* be innocent because they think the Church *must* be largely to blame, forget perhaps that not the Church but the Government is the defendant in this case. They may be helped to forget this important fact by the maneuvers of writers like Señor Portes Gil, who invite us to study history, and by the appeal of Mexican publicity agents, who

would have us admire the scenic beauties of Mexico, its art, its literature, the progressive policies of the present Administration with regard to labor laws, land distribution, rural schools, and so on, *ad infinitum*. We may thus be kept from considering the main question: Has the Mexican Government the moral right to treat Mexican citizens as it has been treating them?

To you who are reading these pages, I can think of no better piece of advice to give than the colloquialism, *Keep your eye on the ball!* Do not let anyone lead you away from the main question, as above defined. There are, it is true, many other interesting features of Mexico. There are topics which deserve the consideration of everyone interested in constitutional government, sociology, history, the labor movement, agrarian policies, and the whole field of education. These various subjects may and should be taken up some time. But, please, do not let them be introduced as a substitute for the question which is now being submitted to the consideration of all who believe in human freedom, wherever they live and whoever they are.

May I be permitted still once again to restate that question? Here it is: Has the Mexican Government the moral right to treat Mexican citizens as it has been treating them? That is *the question*. Evidence which bears upon it, is admissable. Evidence which bears not upon *it*, but upon other points must be postponed, until those other points shall come up for consideration. "One question at a time," is an elementary rule of all logical discussion. So let us disregard propaganda and take up the charge that the State is persecuting the Church in Mexico.

The case may be put very briefly: There has been some quibbling over the word "persecution." Concerning the facts, however, there is no room for argument. As Dr. Macfarland puts it: "It is idle to discuss this question. Even a hasty review of this volume [his own] makes it perfectly clear that *the Mexican State is persecuting the Church*. For the Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador to the United States to reiterate denials is as disingenuous as it is inept."[12] Señor Portes Gil really makes the policy of his Government unmistakably plain when he tells us that the proceedings against the Church are dictated by a sense of "the necessity on the part of the Public Power to repress and if possible to suppress altogether the temporal activities of the Clergy of Mexico."[13]

That, then, is the end in view. The lawfulness of the *means* used is in question. And there is nothing in all the 135 pages of Señor Gil's book to prove that his Government is justified in putting Catholics outside the law, ignoring their constitutional rights and inflicting punishment upon them — sometimes capital punishment—without even the formality of a trial. In its attempt to suppress the Catholic Church, his Government has ignored justice, legality, moral principles. It has depended exclusively upon might, regardless of right.

But this argues a return to the ways of barbarism. This, if tolerated, will endanger all human liberty. It is literally unthinkable that the court of world opinion will find the Government of Mexico innocent. According to every principle of law

[12] *Chaos in Mexico*, p. 263.

[13] *Conflict Between the Civil Power and the Clergy*, p. 112.

the Government must be declared "Guilty" by every person who believes in natural human rights.

So far as I can see, persons outside of Mexico who are on the side of the Mexican Government are made up of three groups:

Group A. Which really believes it is lawful for a government to ignore all individual rights, but usually refrains from professing that belief.

Group B. Which deliberately refuses to come to any conclusion on the main question and meanwhile, either negatively or positively, supports the Government's side.

Group C. Which does not think clearly, nor discern the main point and wanders off into side issues.

The members of Group A., quite certainly, are wholly out of sympathy with American institutions and with democratic principles of government. By whatever name they call it, their code is a contradiction of those inalienable rights which are at the basis of human freedom. It implies that a government may impose upon its citizens any obligation whatsoever; and that they never have the right to disobey. The individual may not appeal to conscience, or the law of nations, or the law of God. He must do anything the State commands him to do,—or else be ready, as a criminal, to suffer the penalty of crime.

This is not the place to discuss the moral and political implications of the creed of Group A. It will be enough to say that their creed and the policy of the Mexican Government are logical counterparts of each other. One who adheres to that creed will, if consistent, support the Mexican Government; and one who supports the Mexican Government, will, if he reasons correctly, adhere to that creed. Group A. includes, for example, Stalin and his followers who of course both profess and act upon the principle that the State can do no wrong. It includes also every outspoken Communist and every secret sympathizer with Communism.

There has been a good deal of confusion in people's minds about the relationship between the Mexican and Russian Revolutions, which plainly have certain points of similarity and certain points of difference. Perhaps the situation could be clarified by saying that in philosophy they are alike, but in social and economic features they are in sharp contrast with each other. Mr. Stanley Rypins, who has made a study of this question, points out that the governmental programs of the two countries differ greatly in such respects as political structure, land distribution, judicial procedure. But he finds a similarity in their attitude to the Church and in their systems of public instruction.[14] The truth in a nutshell is that the Mexican policy implies a Communistic philosophy, and that only a Communistic philosophy will justify the Mexican policy.

When we turn to Group B. we find people who have rationalized themselves into a position where they no longer see the implications of the policy which they support. They sense more or less indefinitely that they belong to the side which is opposed to the Catholic Church. They are strong for "Progress" and keen on experiments, social, political, educational. They would like to see the ground cleared of all obstacles. But they do not honestly

[14] *Renascent Mexico*. Edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. P. 151.

face the deeds that are being done and pass just judgment upon the doers of them. They have committed themselves to the support of an end, and—at least equivalently—they hold that the end justifies the means.

I do not see how otherwise to explain the striking phenomenon of "Liberals" and "Progressives" explicitly or implicitly lending aid and comfort to the Mexican Government. In this class we find a certain number of American writers, editors, professors, educationalists,—John Dewey for example; and Frank Tannenbaum; and the editors of *The New Age*, the official organ of the Scottish Rite in Washington; and most of the people who write enthusiastically about renascent Mexico and its new land system, and its labor legislation, or who run tours and conduct conventions; and in general most of those who praise the "progressive policies" of the Mexican Government.

It is a curious comment upon human intelligence that "Liberals" and "Progressives" so successfully blind themselves to the fact that they are supporting reactionary tendencies. If no tragedy were involved, it would seem comical, for instance, that liberal schoolmen should be eulogizing an educational system clearly antagonistic to the fundamental principles of liberty. Have "Liberals" forgotten the implication of their name? Or do they temporarily suspend their principles when Christianity is involved?

Ernest Gruening had the grace to censure the Government because it went too far. Of late Carlton Beals and others have been fair enough to recognize and publicly to declare that the rulers of Mexico cannot honestly be endorsed.

Meanwhile the National Council of the Episcopal Church, not quite ready to commit itself, deems it necessary "to study the situation more thoroughly." But perhaps the Council belongs to Group C.

Our Ambassador, Mr. Josephus Daniels, probably belongs there too. For Mr. Daniels was audacious enough to give public endorsement to Mexico's school system and to suggest a likeness between Jefferson and General Calles on the morrow of the famous broadcast from Guadalajara (July 9, 1934), which announced the new school policy. That policy, in the event, included obligatory socialist (and repulsively sexual) instruction for all children in Mexico. In May, 1935, Mr. Daniels spoke again with seeming approbation of the Government's educational policy.

Despite my esteem for our present Chief Executive and my realization that there may be latent reasons for special caution in official dealings with the Mexican Government, I can find no justification for Mr. Roosevelt's indulgence towards our indiscreet Ambassador. It is whispered that Masonry is behind the religious persecution in Mexico and Washington's moral support of that persecution. It may be so; even though the average American Mason would heartily disapprove of what the Mexican Government is doing. Certainly *The New Age* of Washington, official Masonic organ, shows its sympathy with the persecutors, and a leading member of the Masons in Mexico City declared "that they were solidly with the Government on Church questions," and Dr. Macfarland, himself a Mason, seems to be in a dilemma.[18]

[18] *Chaos in Mexico*, p. 194.

For the most part Group C. is made up of people who "don't know what it's all about," perhaps, because they are bewildered by the complexity of the issues, perhaps because propaganda has succeeded in leading them into some side path. Let us take up the consideration of a question which quite frequently troubles them: Why does a people ninety per cent Catholic quietly submit to this persecution of the Church? Mr. P. W. Wilson refers to this situation as "a paradox not wholly explained."[16]

Well, here are some pertinent considerations to be kept in mind: that in Mexico the minority is highly organized and heavily armed, much as in Russia; that by virtue of a strict embargo, the United States makes it practically impossible for insurgents to secure arms; that the population (about thirty per cent Indian and sixty per cent Mestizos) is widely scattered over a large area and broken up into well marked divisions by race and by language, as well as by physiographical barriers. Moreover, in addition to frequent detached riots and violent incidents, news of which leaks out despite the censorship, there have been formidable uprisings, and these according to rumor are likely to occur again. In 1929, when thousands of insurgents were in arms, the Government played a successful trick by coming to an agreement, which our Ambassador, Mr. Morrow, helped to arrange; and after peace was made and the insurgents laid down their arms according to the agreement, most of their leaders, it is said, were neatly assassinated one by one in spite of the promise of immunity.

[16] *The New York Times Book Review*, June 9, 1935.

Another point to consider is that in Mexico elections are won proverbially, if not by force, at least by show of arms; and there is an interesting device called the "criterio politico" for maintaining the *status quo* of the party in power. This provides that if an opposition candidate should by any chance receive a majority of votes, he will be declared ineligible and his opponent, the administration candidate, will be declared elected. That sounds like jest, but it is an unquestionable fact.

Then again some members of Group C., not habitually suspicious of the Catholic Church, are rather upset at the widespread impression that in Mexico she is to blame. "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," they say. The mystery will be partly cleared up for them, if they remember that Mora, an anticlerical, said the propaganda of false ideas in 1810 was so successful, "that it exists even yet among the generality of Mexicans." To the Revolutionists propaganda is the breath of life.

It is obviously impossible to discuss all the side paths into which Group C. may be led. But we can take up the one which they are most frequently invited to follow—the immorality of the clergy; and we can point out that here, even more than elsewhere, they will find that much is charged and little proved.[17]

It seems advisable here to make

[17] Gruening, like Gil, brings up this matter, and in a much more methodical and scholarly way; and yet Gruening among his witnesses to the moral failings of the Mexican clergy, introduces a writer whom he presents as Father Thomas Gage, an English Dominican, giving no indication that Thomas Gage, apostatised from the Church and married,—circumstances which surely affect his status. Mr. Gruening quotes also from Henry C. Lea, whose shortcomings, both in accuracy and in honesty, were exposed by the scholarly Thomas Bouquillon some forty years ago. See *The Catholic University Bulletin*. I., p. 428; II., p. 50.

clear the precise position of Catholics in this matter of charges against the moral character of the Mexican clergy, and indeed in the whole matter of scandal laid at the door of the Church and her clergy at any time or in any place.

First, in general, there is no wish to deny that in our history of 2,000 years grave evils have occurred, nor to deny that at times the evils have grown to frightful proportions. But this is plainly a very different thing from admitting that general impressions are always true, that unsupported charges are sound evidence, or that to cite a book or name an author is enough to justify condemnation of an individual, or a class, or even a whole period. Everyone knows that much slander of the clergy has taken place at various times; that calumnies have been manufactured out of whole cloth; and that systematic campaigns of deliberate vilification are sometimes organized and directed for a definite political motive. It is only fair then, to require proof before admission of guilt in the case of the Mexican clergy—promising meanwhile that whatever is proved will be honestly admitted, although even then we must take care that there shall be no illogical inferences.

Now, as to the Mexican clergy specifically. When the accusations against them are critically examined, we find a great falling off in the amount of corruption which can be laid at their door. And we discover also the many good works which are to their credit. The readers of Engelhardt's *Missions and Missionaries of California* will get a new light on this subject.

One who reflects on the monument the clergy of Mexico have built for themselves in the hearts of the people among whom they worked will find it not only difficult but actually impossible to believe they were the ignorant and corrupt creatures they are made to seem in the literary caricatures which match the vile pictures of that errant genius, Diego Rivera. Remember that among the poor people of Mexico 2,700 priests are now hiding from the eye of the law, in order to be able to carry the consolations of religion to their shepherdless flocks. Men who thus endure hardships and run the daily risk of death must have *some* strain of nobility. And priests thus loved and protected by the people—who have betrayed not one of them—must have much of that sacerdotal quality which proverbially has made the Catholic priest the ideal of his people, the wide world over. Moreover, none of these priests would accept rank in the National Church founded by former President Calles which quickly disintegrated on this account.

I really do not believe that Señor Gil's Legal and Historical Essay will persuade even one fair-minded reader that the clergy of Mexico are what he represents them to be, the cause of the evils which now afflict that unhappy country. And even if they were,—as he thinks them,—a curse, instead of being—as I think them—a blessing to the Mexican people, not even then would his Government be justified. Even then the present rulers of Mexico would be in the wrong, and men of every race and creed and color, Christian and non-Christian, who look upon liberty as a precious, and justice as a sacred thing, would join in the verdict that the Mexican Government has been guilty of a crime against civilization,—an inexcusable, an all but unforgivable crime!

ON MAKING ALLOWANCES

By Stephen J. Brown, S.J.

. . . Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

—*"In Memoriam."*

THOSE "larger other eyes" with which the poet endows the departed, might it be that we, the living, could come to possess them, even this side of the grave? Could we widen our field of vision and deepen our insight so that, like the unbodied spirits, we might learn to make allowance for our fellow mortals? It is perhaps worth while to attempt an answer to the query and in doing so study somewhat the gentle art of making allowances.

Making allowances—not making insincere excuses for something clearly wrong nor exercising mere forbearance, not condescension either nor weak indulgence. Something other than all that. Rather the sympathetic, understanding acknowledgment of certain facts and truths and the adjustment of thought and attitude that is called for by such acknowledgment. That, at all events, is the way I venture to describe it. It means that a man is not content with the outward aspect of certain things—the sayings and doings of his fellow-men for instance, but looks within and around and beyond, places them in their true setting, relates them to other facts and truths, notes their origins and causes. It may all be done in a flash, but that is what the process comes to.

Observe at once, such an art is slowly learned. Not easily does the mind submit to such a process before reaching its conclusions and acting upon them. The impulsiveness of youth will have none of it. It can be learned only in the school of experience and grows slowly with the years. Maturity comes to practice it at last with hard-earned skill. Many never learn the art, for they will not be taught by life or will learn of it only the narrow maxims of a worldly prudence: "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

But let me not spend further words in defining the nature of this art. The idea of it will perhaps grow clearer if we pass in review some of those things for which we are most commonly called upon to make allowances. And here at the outset let a word of apology be said once for all. These matters, once mentioned, will appear so obvious that the very mention will seem all but an insult to the intelligence of the reader. One may wonder, by way of deprecation, whether these considerations, obvious as they are, have so obvious an influence on life and conduct.

Take in the first place the disorders of health and kindred handicaps or afflictions. Have we always, for instance, a sympathetic understanding of the neurotic—or the dyspeptic? One is aware in a vague way that physical condition affects at every turn the mental and moral

disposition of a man. His temper, his humor depend humiliatingly upon the state of his digestion. We allow for it in ourselves, but making allowances for it in others is not so simple a matter. Your neurotic is irritable, "temperamental," because he *is* neurotic, and neurasthenia (or whatever it may be called), is not, after all, a crime. To be annoyed with him for being temperamental or with the dyspeptic for being depressed and pessimistic—and so of other sufferers, is not more rational or more charitable than being angry with a man for being deaf. But, indeed, which of us is not sometimes guilty of this last form of unreasonableness?

"Nerves" are a form of malady for which it is hard to make allowances, hard at least for the man who "does not know what nerves are." If, in addition, he is an unimaginative person, priding himself on common sense, he will dismiss all such troubles with a "Nonsense, man, it's only imagination." Which is as though a doctor were to cry cheerily to a patient, "Nonsense, man, it is merely the liver." Such people forget that the imagination happens to be as much a part of a man as his liver and that the diseases of the imagination are, for aught he knows, more varied and subtle than those of liver, lungs, and stomach combined. But in any case "nerves," whatever they are, are not "all imagination." There are such persons as nerve-specialists and they are not all charlatans. Of course it is true that nervy people, even high-strung people, are difficult and disconcerting. But we must at least endeavor to make allowances for the causes of their failings.

And so a neighbor's state of health, from the baffling maladies of the imagination down to prosaic phases of indigestion, call in varying degree for allowances. It happens that a man may go about for months, perhaps for years, with the canker that will one day kill him, without anyone suspecting the fact. And when all is over, it may come back to us, as it has come back to the writer, with something of a pang, that we had condemned for passing irritability or even for dullness one on whom a dread disease had already laid its hand.

But maladies are abnormal and occasional things in most men's lives. There is another thing that is abiding though not wholly changeless—a man's character and temperament. We must allow for that and many men do not. These have never fully realized that all men are not cast in the same mold by Him Who made them. They are not turned out by the score to uniform patterns like so many ninepins or tin soldiers. It is not as though God made them alike and they made themselves different. They were different from the outset,[1] and life as it has used and molded each has deepened the differences. Anyhow the simple fact is that no two human beings are alike. There are those, as I have said, who never fully resign themselves to that. They have formed in their own minds, whether consciously or subconsciously, a standard of character, based though they know it not on their own temperament, and all deviations distress them. Slow people find quick people too quick, and eager people are disgusted with the inertness of the phlegmatic. "So-and-so is too fast for me; he is always rushing." "So-and-so is too

[1] Heredity alone would ensure that.

slow for me; he simply crawls." Well their *tempo* is different: that is all there is to it, as the Americans say. A man will demand of another, not without impatience or even indignation, "Why on earth can't you—?" or "Why in the name of goodness don't you—?" And often the simple answer is, "Well I'm just not built that way." And there is no more to be said.

You must allow for limitations, often the most curious and the most unlooked for. They are a consequence of a man's upbringing or simply of his make-up. There are men who suffer from curious limitations in the matter of truth. They are excellent people, kindly, friendly, upright, but when there is question in speech of the thing that is or was—little reminiscences of their past, for instance—one does not quite know where fact begins or ends. There are even said to be people constitutionally incapable of telling the truth: perhaps they favor a form of poetic truth that is all their own. And among the limitations that most frequently call for the making of allowances are those curious facts of everyday psychology, the defects of a man's qualities. For such are the limitations of human nature generally that men commonly suffer from certain shortcomings or even positive faults that correspond to and result from their good qualities. Their virtues have a seamy side. Thus the delicate and sensitive soul is touchy and "temperamental": the shrewd business man tends to a hardness that may be cruel: the jolly, friendly, openhearted man is apt to be openhanded also, careless about his affairs, if not actually a spendthrift and a wastrel. "We," wrote William O'Brien, "are an imaginative race with all the inspiration and the want of steadfastness pertaining to that quality." The typical Englishman (if there be any of him left), as represented by John Bull, we think of as unimaginative, a dull plodder perhaps, but steady, tenacious, never aware that he is beaten. But the defects of our qualities is a fascinating theme that calls for an article all to itself. So I shall pass on.

It is possible for a man to mold and modify his character though only within limits that are narrow enough. But in the matter of his age he is as powerless as in that of his stature. If he cannot add a cubit to the one, still less can he, at will, add a few years to the other. Yet there are people who seem to expect of him that impracticable feat. For there are certain dispositions, qualities, tastes, that match one's age and vary with it. To expect to find t h e m at a different a g e is thoughtlessness or folly. To be angry with them at an age which they match, to be angry, for instance, with boys for doing what not merely the psychologists but men of experience and common sense are aware that the human boy may be expected to do, that is to fail to make allowances. The wise old people who shake their heads and say, "Boys will be boys," they, if they really mean it, are making allowances. Inexperience, exuberance, diffidence, r a w n e s s, shyness, are natural to youth. Let us be gentle w i t h it and understanding. We were o n c e young ourselves, though they say there are people who never have been, and perhaps we went through something of the martyrdom of shyness, for instance, though we have now long forgotten how to blush. Any-

how these shortcomings are just the price youth pays for the glorious qualities which you, my middle-aged friend, would give your eyes to have back again.

And if the young claim forbearance and sympathy so, too, do the old. If the latter are slow and disillusioned, hostile to change (which you call progress), and reminiscent of a past far finer than the present, *laudatores temporis acti*, on the other hand the years may have brought to them a mellowness, a serenity, a tolerance, a gentleness, which, let me say it, might be looked for in vain in you—or even in me! So be patient with the tares for the sake of the wheat.

Perhaps you are not aware that it costs certain of your neighbors and acquaintances no small effort to make allowances for *you*—for your hardness, your coarsened fiber, your contempt for poetry and romance, your skepticism about ideals, your occasional cynicism, even. And to mitigate their judgments of you we find nothing better to say than, "You see, poor fellow, he is middle-aged, he has outlived his youth and has not yet been mellowed by age. You must make every allowance for him."

But besides the people laboring under the unpardonable handicap of being young—or old, there are people who are handicapped in many another way, some by personal disabilities and some by adverse circumstances. You may know nothing of either, for most men are loath to disclose such things, though here and there we may meet a Mrs. Gummidge, and there are people whose disposition it is always to "make a poor mouth." But there are many who must needs keep their troubles shut up within their bosoms. There is secret domestic trouble, perhaps, or secret poverty, or hidden griefs and disappointments. "How," you ask, "can one make allowances for such things, seeing that one is unaware of them?" Ah, but if you had a little more insight, a little more sympathy, you would at least suspect that something was amiss. And if the handicap under which your fellow-mortal is laboring is a consequence of his own misdoings in the past he needs not less but more that you should make allowances. For though the causes were his fault and he has deserved their consequences, yet these consequences are his fault no longer, for he can no longer hinder them. God knows how bitterly he regrets his folly now, and all you can say to him, perhaps, in your heart is "Serves him right." You forget that you may not have had his temptations. You do not know whether, if you had undergone them, you would have resisted so bravely and so long as he did, though he fell at last.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

. . . .

"Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But ken not what's *resisted*."

Posterity, all but the *unco' guid*, has long learned to make allowances for poor Bobbie Burns and to "gently scan" his many frailties.

My next point is a delicate one but I must face it. We ought, I say now, to make allowances for the fact that God has made mankind in two sexes. I am aware that there is a school of writers who will hear of no allowances in this respect, because they will recognize no fundamental differences. Men and women must meet on terms of absolute equality and relations between them must be of give and take as between man and man. There is another school of writers according to whom there is between the sexes a deep-rooted and irreconcilable antagonism. But neither of these is the Christian view. Christianity is neither misogynist nor feminist. From the first pages of the Christian revelation to the last, but in a far nobler way after Christ than before, woman appears as man's helpmate and complement. And the Creator has given her the qualities that fit her to fulfill her rôle. They are not the qualities of man. And it is just here that the question of allowances arises. Who has not heard that familiar plaint — "Men are so callous, so unfeeling, so selfish," or, from the other side, "Women are so temperamental, so unreasonable, so unaccountable." *La donna e mobile.* There is in both complaints a modicum of truth but a failure to make allowances. Both men and women must come not merely to believe but to realize and take to heart what Ruskin says so well. "Each [sex] has what the other has not: each completes the other and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give."[2] Nor is this true only of man and wife, but of all relationships between man and woman. Let us reread those once familiar lines of Walter Scott—

> "O woman in thine hours of ease . . ."

They are true for all time of all true women. And there are to-day, thank God, many, many women of whom they are true.

More rarely made and harder to make than allowances for sex are allowances on the score of nationality. The difficulty comes from ignorance, misunderstanding, and prejudice, but there are wonderfully few men and I think still fewer women who wholly overcome it. There is the deep-rooted prejudice against all things foreign as such and against certain foreigners in particular. The conditions of modern life, or some of them tend to break it down. Yet there are still, no doubt, thousands of people like the Mr. and Mrs. Meagles at whom Dickens, himself so thorough an Englishman, laughed in his *Little Dorrit*. No race or people can claim to be wholly free from dislike of the foreigner and his ways. Such terms as *dago* on the one side and *gringo* on the other have their equivalents in other tongues,[3] and they are terms of contempt. That such a frame of mind *is* irrational there can surely be no doubt. History, philosophy, and common sense cry out against the wholesale condemnation of any of the races of mankind, be they Jews, Turks, Hot-

[2] Of Queens' Gardens, n. 68, in *Sesame and Lilies*.

[3] For instance, *le Boche* in France.

tentots, or our neighbors just across the nearest frontier. We must simply make allowances for the fact that they may have ideas about things and ways of life that differ wholly from ours, and yet not be necessarily all wrong, not necessarily "impossible" or absurd. The thorough learning of this lesson would contribute much to our personal peace of mind and would certainly make for understanding and amity between peoples. But when will it be learned?

But the writer feels himself slipping insensibly into the tone of the lecturer, not to say the preacher. Let the reader reassure himself. This is only an appearance. Your lecturer is but too well aware of his own manifold shortcomings in the matter of making allowances. Only he has lived long enough to recognize those shortcomings for what they are. He is merely sharing his experience with whoso cares to read. He has even come to recognize the possibility of having to allow for his having completely misjudged and misunderstood, for cases in which he is not called upon to make allowances but merely to recognize that no allowances are called for. One has judged, for instance, by appearances, and appearances, I seem to have heard somewhere, are at times deceptive. Again one screws one's self up to a state of tolerance, of genial understandingness, only to find that tolerance is uncalled for and there is nothing particular to understand. Who has not passed through the like experience?

One cannot think much about our present subject without coming to feel that there is more in it than at first appears, that in fact it has roots that lie deep beneath the surface of things. For why, in the last analysis, do we deem it meet and right to make allowances, and that not only for what merely seems wrong to a judgment which we have learned to distrust but for what certainly *is* wrong? Why must we go on making allowances even after we have convinced ourselves that in the person in question there is scarcely anything right? I can but essay an answer.

In the first place, it seems to me, that a man must not be finally judged by this or that action or series of actions, this or that trait of character or *ensemble* of traits, but by his personality as a whole, his life as a whole. Now what do we really know about either? We cannot shut our eyes to the faults and failings of this fellow-mortal. Suppose him a sot, a wastrel—what you will. Yet God knows what good intentions, what yearnings and strivings even, obscure and weak, no doubt, but genuine, have gone to the making of this sorry life. God knows, too, how deeply in his better moments he feels his state, how bitterly he rues his past. And then the lives and characters that seem to us, not indeed ruined and debased, but sadly unimportant and uninteresting, how little we know the core that lies within that outward husk, the hidden capabilities of noble things, the frustrated efforts and aspirations, perhaps. It may be that our own lives furnish us with instances. We, too, would fain be judged not by accomplishment only but by strivings however vain and longings however impotent.

"And all the world's coarse
thumb,

And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature
All purposes unsure
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

And surely what William James said of different classes of a community might be said with equal truth of different individuals. "One half of our fellow-countrymen remain entirely blind to the internal significance of the lives of the other half. They miss the joys and sorrows, they fail to see the moral virtue, and they do not guess the presence of the intellectual ideals." And yet, he goes on to say, "the commonest lives, the dullest and most humdrum, the lowliest to all seeming, may all the time be ennobled by some unseen ideal that is at the heart of them."

But if we are to reach the true foundation of allowances and kindred frames of mind we must go deeper. We must recall certain primary truths about the nature of man and his relation to his Maker. And we shall find, I think, the deepest motive for making allowances in this that human nature as it leaves the Creator's hand is always fundamentally good, though, as revelation tells us, maimed and weakened by the forfeiture of higher gifts. This side of the grave it is never wholly evil. The truth that God made man to His image and likeness, whatever its full meaning may be, means that at least. Humanity is sealed with the beauty, truth, and goodness of Him Who made it.

How much that beauty, truth, and goodness is enhanced by the supernatural life, by the indwelling of the Spirit, by incorporation with Christ I need not dwell upon here. It is enough if we come to recognize the presence of good in every soul of man.

But there is also so much evil in the best of us or at all events such proneness to evil, such capabilities of evil that it is for all of us deeply comforting to feel that there is One above Who knows supremely how to make allowances.[4] For He knoweth our frame.

But as though to render impossible forever all dread of harshness and pitiless rigor in His judgments of us there came amongst us One Who though man was very God as well, and on His lips were words of forbearance, nay of infinite pity—"Neither will I condemn thee"; "Many things are forgiven her because she hath loved much"; "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak"; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

[4] Father Frederick William Faber in his *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*, Vol. II., Part V., 4(5), uses the very expression "God makes immense allowances, using His inexhaustible wisdom."

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

THE SUCCESSES OF 1934-1935

Drama. *American:* Tobacco Road (656 performances)—Dodsworth (285)—The Children's Hour (231)—The Old Maid (Pulitzer Prize, 172)—The Petrified Forest (162)—Merrily We Roll Along (155)—Awake and Sing! (120)—The First Legion (112). *English:* Within the Gates (129)—Escape Me Never (98).

Comedy. *American:* Personal Appearance (270)—Accent on Youth (188)—Fly Away Home (163)—Three Men on a Horse (147)—The Bishop Misbehaves (123)—The Farmer Takes a Wife (104)—Petticoat Fever (104). *English:* The Distaff Side (177)—Laburnum Grove (130).

Melodrama: Post Road (209)—Small Miracle (117)—Waiting for Lefty (78)—Ceiling Zero (62)—Kind Lady (48).

Musical: Anything Goes (224)—The Great Waltz (289)—Life Begins at 8:40 (236).

GREAT periods of literature are not born of depression. The dregs of a national uncertainty seem reflected in the past season for with the least possible desire to appear crabbed, we must admit that the world would have lost very little if not a line of the 113 new plays had ever been written! Discounting *Dodsworth* and *Tobacco Road* which date from last year, only three plays and three musical comedies have had more than two hundred performances in New York although we are happy to report that *The First Legion* has traveled as far as Chicago and hopes to continue to the Coast. Even those who most object to the theme of *The Children's Hour* must admit that it is a splendidly constructed tragedy and must admire its truthfulness and its sustained power, but neither *Post Road* nor *Personal Appearance* have any claim to remembrance.

Of the twenty-seven foreign plays produced, twenty-three were failures and the four successes—which included *Escape Me Never*—were English. There seems to be no explanation for the cold reception, both here and in London, of van Druten's pacifist play, *Flowers of the Forest*, which was brilliantly written and superbly acted. Perhaps it hit too hard a guilty cosmic conscience.

Taking *Merrily We Roll Along*, *Within the Gates*, *The Petrified Forest* and *Awake and Sing!* as examples of the most popular plays of the hour, one has a suggestion of the cheery state of the general mind. All of them challenge the present order; most of them excoriate the present citizen. In *Merrily We Roll Along*—which is nothing like its title—George Kaufman shows in retrograde the deterioration of a college valedictorian who cashes in on his ideals. It has one of the cruellest first acts ever written, closing on the wife throwing iodine in the eyes of the younger actress.

Sean O'Casey, moving to London, announced that he had created a new form of drama in *Within the Gates* but, apart from the introduction of dances and songs, it proved to be of the modernistic symbolic type with Woman represented by the Whore. The songs were lovely but a strain of coarse brutality marred some of the poetry yet, although Mr. O'Casey flayed the Established Church in the person of the Bishop, his Celtic spirituality triumphed over his modernism at the end when the girl whispers to the Churchman to "Guide the hand you hold into making the Sign of the Cross that I may whisper my trust in the golden mercy of God." But the plea of Isaias to *Awake and Sing!* falls on deaf ears. The Bronx may awake but it never sings, at least not in the tenement where Clifford Odets, the new young Communist author, has placed his "dwellers in the dust" to whom the Prophet spoke. There is certainly ample bickering in O'Casey's Dublin tenements, but there is a latent vein of poetry which is completely lacking in the Bergers of the Bronx. But Mr. Odets' line is concise and clever and his characterization is sure. He knows his characters and where he is taking them.

So does Arthur Sherwood. In *The Petrified Forest* he gathers together in a gasoline station in the Arizona desert the members of various classes of our society: the salesman; the college athlete; the ranchman; the radical; the shrewd old frontiersman; the American legionaire; the Eastern banker; the gangster and the Oxford man who declares he belongs to a vanishing race of intellectuals. The petrified forest is to him the symbol of his own kind "who thought that they had conquered Nature. They dammed it up.... They built streamlined monstrosities to penetrate its resistence. They wrapped it up in cellophane and sold it in drug stores.... But Nature's fighting back with strange instruments called neuroses. She's deliberately afflicting mankind with the jitters." Like a modern Villon —aimless, responsive and able to see beauty in the desert cafeteria, he gets himself shot by the gangster to give his life insurance to the little waitress who is dreaming of the Gothic cathedrals of her French war mother. Mr. Sherwood has been able to interpret modern thought in terms of dramatic action and to charge his machine guns with romance.

Of the comedies, *Personal Appearance* is a satire of the Hollywood ego, exuberantly played by Gladys George. *Accent on Youth*, with a delightful cast, and *The Bishop Misbehaves*—the latter brightened by Walter Connolly—were both conventional comedies written by Jewish Americans but on an English pattern. *The Farmer Takes a Wife* was a Currier and Ives picture of the old Erie Canal with glowing colors, and June Walker at her best. *Petticoat Fever*, a rollicking farce, with Dennis King as a woman-starved wireless operator in Labrador. *Three Men on a Horse* even if cheap and broad is a more human document, and beneath the story of the little writer of jingles for greeting cards, who can't convince a band of racing touts that his flair for picking winners will vanish if he ever uses his gift for money, is a rather profound and poetic idea. Perhaps it may seem far-fetched in the present instance but it is almost a universal rule that in a very successful play there can be found some under-

lying current of philosophy. As *Fly Away Home* stresses the humor of the contrast between an average father and some ultra-modern children, so *The Distaff Side* contrasts three generations of women in one family centering round the figure of Eve, so sympathetically played by Dame Sybil Thorndike. Eve admits that after her husband died her life was over but that she has found another happiness "that comes from inside—a reflection of what she had made of her other life." Mr. van Druten's idea of a "complete person" is one who has that inner shining quality. *Laburnum Grove* depended on one surprise idea and the comedy of Edmund Gwenn.

In melodrama, *Post Road* had the unfortunately all too timely theme of kidnaping and suggested such a diabolically clever ruse that "hoist by its own petard" it was considered too dangerously suggestive for the screen. In it Lucile Watson again proved herself a mistress of quiet comedy. *Small Miracle* was sequestrated in the lobby of a theater between the acts while *Ceiling Zero* presents the aëronautical industry from the inside and the passing of the stunt pilot with the coming of the disciplined commercial airman. *Kind Lady*, by far the most important of the season's melodramas, is the haunting story of Hugh Walpole's about the unfortunate Miss Herries who becomes the victim in her own house in London of a plausible criminal. It embodies a sardonic warning in just the opposite vein from the charity taught in *Les Miserables*. *Waiting for Lefty* and *Till the Day I Die* are frank Communistic propaganda—brutal, powerful, prejudiced and madly applauded by a growing audience.

Of individual performances we would give first place to Philip Merivale's Washington; Bergner's Gemma Jones; Eva Le Gallienne as l'Aiglon; Edith Evans as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the Noah of Pierre Fresnay. One must also mention Walter Connolly as the Bishop of Broadminster; Romney Brent as Shaw's Simpleton; Chekov in *The Inspector General* as well as Florence McGee in *The Children's Hour;* Spurin-Calleia in *Small Miracle;* Sybil Thorndike in *The Distaff Side;* Grace George in *Kind Lady;* Leslie Howard in *The Petrified Forest;* Margalo Gillmore in *Flowers of the Forest;* William Lynn in *Three Men on a Horse* and Jimmy Savo as himself. The most perfect production was of course Miss Cornell's *Romeo and Juliet.*

We owe much gratitude to our visitors—the D'Oyly Cartes who brought us a new conception of Gilbert and Sullivan; and the inimitable Irish Company from the Abbey Theater in Dublin as well as the Moscow Art Players from Prague. Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* with its delicious pictures of the Regency in England by Calthrop was the best foreign production while with *The Old Maid*, Stewart Chaney definitely steps into the first ranks of American designers. Better settings would have been of great value to Maxwell Anderson's important study of Washington in *Valley Forge* which was cheated of its proper acclaim.

The play with the most original and arresting idea was undoubtedly *Lost Horizons* which Mr. Burns Mantle has included among his ten plays. In opposition to the radical idea of individualism, it creates a Purgatory—called The Hall of Records—where a girl suicide is shown

the results of her sin and what would have happened had she lived. The mere fact of her living affects the lives of people whom she never even knew for, as is explained to her, "the tapestry of life is so closely interwoven that the cutting of one thread may destroy the pattern." Had it been written with more distinction and less confusion of plot, it might have been one of our great plays. At all events one of the most encouraging facts of the winter is that *Pointe Valaine* written by Noel Coward and acted by the Lunts should have been the miserable failure its degeneracy deserved, while *The First Legion* with no backing, no prestige, tepid reviews and facing bankruptcy from the first month, should have won through by the force of its intrinsic merits and real ideals. That and the creation of the American Ballet are the notes of optimism which are our valediction.

PARADE.—The Theater Guild has had an unfortunate season. Maxwell Anderson and Shaw both failed them; Behrman's *Rain from Heaven* had better reviews than receipts and even Elizabeth Bergner only just achieved a three months' run. Realizing that the Group Theater was cleverly recouping their losses from the expensive *Gold Eagle Guy* with the inexpensive Odets' dramas, the Guild decided to try the Communistic tonic and bought from the Theater Union on Fourteenth Street their propaganda revue, *Parade*. The amusing part of it is that while the Guild Theater reëchoes with the acrid reproaches of capitalism, the Guild executives have all of them been enjoying the capitalistic fruits of Hollywood. Perhaps that is one reason why *Parade* seems so full of sting. As the cry from a suffering heart on Fourteenth Street, it would have seemed legitimate cause for laughter or tears from its audience, but when a bejeweled orchestra on 52d Street find it funny to see a family in a tenement eating their tables and dressing in Hearst newspapers, one feels uncomfortable. Although comedy is based on the discomforts of the other fellow, they must be the discomforts that both fellows know. It seemed apparent that few of the subscribers to the Theater Guild had ever suffered actual starvation, therefore what entertainment they derived from *Parade* was out of order although it must be said for them that what small amusement they enjoyed seemed to derive exclusively from Jimmy Savo.

Savo is certainly the savior of the show. It is rare fortune for the legitimate stage and to the great credit of the Theater Guild that they have wrenched him away from the night clubs and the movies. Jimmy Savo comes from the Bronx but is an Italian. He began to juggle stones when he was six and then,—to save his head from further bruises,—sold enough newspapers to keep himself in rubber balls. After he had won all the first prizes in amateur nights in vaudeville, he became a professional. There he discovered his powers as a comedian. Curiously enough in conjunction with our former remarks about comedy, it was a limp that procured him his first laugh—he had been paid his first salary in one dollar bills and he put them all in one shoe. Since then, like every good clown, pathos has been his understudy. In *Hot Dog*, his own sketch, he is the hungry vagrant who tries to wangle chestnuts from a vendor

and has his adventures with sausages. But to us, Savo's pantomime was a bit too good. We are sure that if he ever appealed to the house, he would be showered with nickels —he was so really hungry. He finesses reality to better advantage in the scene in the clinic where he patiently waits with an alarm clock and an air pillow on the floor until the nurse admits that he is an emergency case, but when the surgeons arrive they overlook his appendix and seize the wrong man. The triumph of the evening and of Savo is at the factory where as the owner, he undertakes to operate it singlehanded when his men go out on strike. Alone on the stage except for the mechanical adjuncts, which he handles so adroitly, he wins his audience so completely that there is universal regret that the rest of the evening isn't spent inside the Puffle plant. It is a tin can factory and after Mr. Puffle finally sets the machinery in motion, his antics with the cans that rush upon him, are superb.

The rest of the revue has little lightness and no charm. The colors are harsh; the song of the unemployed "Life Could Be So Beautiful" is too real to lend itself to a routine dance and the *première danseuse* is one of the plain young women who enjoy angular movement. There is, however, one rather humorous anti-Nazi skit where New Yorkers have gone aboriginal—by martial decree — and live in wigwams while they run the penalty of being scalped for smuggling in an Irish potato. There is also a dig at Macy's preference for college degrees. It is unpleasant at the close to see a tap dancer in a Roman collar. That is one penalty we must all suffer for clerical publicity. *Parade* — except for Jimmy Savo — is not entertainment.—*At the Guild.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Though we have never acquired much comfort from the fact that other people were worse off than ourselves, the utterly forlorn lot of the Georgia "crackers" may perhaps serve to cheer some of the Northern population when they follow the burdens of Jeeter—now played by James Bell. —*At the Forrest.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Miss Gladys George as the movie queen, who finds herself stranded in a genteel farmhouse somewhere between Wilkes-Barre and Scranton when her limousine breaks down at a gasoline station, keeps the pace very lively when she is on the stage but we were frankly much deflated whenever she retired upstairs. But we are in a minority.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Considered the proper recipient for the Pulitzer Prize by many professionals, it was undoubtedly the theme which influenced the judges against it, as it is one which has been taboo on the American stage. Handled with serious purpose as it is, it makes a powerful but extremely painful play with an unforgettable

lesson of the sin of hasty judgment. Superbly acted.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES. — Victor Moore with his pet machine gun as Public Enemy No. 1 is almost as amiable as he was as Vice-President Throttlebottom although the general level of the wit and music is far below *Of Thee I Sing!* The popular Ethel Merman and William Gaxton are among the stars with Bettina Hall as the heroine. More or less good-natured ridicule peppers current events — sometimes sinking below the safety line of good taste.—*At the Alvin.*

February

THE OLD MAID. — The Pulitzer Prize winner of 1935—rather to the surprise of everyone, including the producer—the award has given the dramatization of Edith Wharton's story of old New York renewed vigor and the run may be extended into the hot weather. Zoe Akins has made a coherent and logical drama in which Judith Anderson and Helen Menken contribute much, as well as the charming young people, but the atmosphere is largely due to the beautiful sets and costumes of Stewart Chaney who should feel that he is a main factor in its success.—*At the Empire.*

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—Though the original production of this comedy of an elderly author, who falls in love with a young secretary, seemed to depend a great deal upon the charm of the cast, the play is still continuing to please with Kenneth McKenna substituting for Nicholas Hannen and Gloria Morgan for Constance Cummings. Irene Purcell and Ernest Lawford, etc., are still there. There is less than no moral to the story but no vulgarity.—*At the Plymouth.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Though it is undeniably cheap and often offensive to delicate taste, there is real bubbling in this farce of the little writer of greeting card jingles and the racing touts with whom he becomes so involved. Erwin has a hunch for winning horses and his new found friends revere his genius. William Lynn has the pathos so essential to a true comedian.—*At the Playhouse.*

FLY AWAY HOME.—The reactions of an average father to children trained in ultramodernism is shown with such honest insight that the comedy is never forced. The conclusions are most orthodox and both the children and the visiting father have the sympathy of the audience. Donald Brian has now replaced Thomas Mitchell. — *At the Forty-eighth Street.*

April

PETTICOAT FEVER. — A slapdash farce about a lonely telegrapher in Labrador who suddenly has a beautiful young lady drop from the skies in an aëroplane besides his wireless station while at the same time his *fiancée* turns up two years late for a visit. Mr. Dennis King and most of the original cast have now been replaced.—*At the Ritz.*

AWAKE AND SING!—Clifford Odets, the author, has now become the latest wonder of Broadway. His comedy of a family in the Bronx con-

tained for us very few laughs as Jewish squabbling has an acerbity that leaves a bitter taste. When the Mother smashes all of poor old Grandpa's operatic records, we become so bitter that the play was over for us. The acting by the Group Theater is not superlative although Luther Adler and Carnovsky are excellent. The dialogue is very crisp and rhythmical.—*At the Belasco.*

May

TILL THE DAY I DIE and WAITING FOR LEFTY.—Also by Odets and also produced by the Group Theater, both plays are frank Communist propaganda. The first shows what happens when the Nazis seize a Communist in Berlin and is a horrible exposition of brutal force and probably just what the Communists would do to a Nazi! *Waiting for Lefty* is a strike meeting of taxi drivers with flashbacks of the events which drove the leaders to drive taxis. Christian capital is behind all the evils according to Mr. Odets.—*At the Longacre.*

CEILING ZERO.—Aëronautics seen from the inside is the setting for a drama that is largely dependent upon the atmosphere engendered by the Newark airport. The scenes are all within the office of a Transcontinental Airways Co., and shows the passing of the old type of pioneer air pilot whose independence has no place in commercial flying. Once it was probably a good play but has been so rewritten to suit the director and cast that little of the original idea comes through. Mr. Osgood Perkins is capital as always and the tragedy of an airmail crash is vivid.—*At the Music Box.*

June

KIND LADY. — Hugh Walpole's story of the gruesome kidnaping of a lady in her own house in London by an intelligent young criminal whom she befriends has been given an extraordinary production by Potter and Haight who have secured in Grace George, with her delicate and fragile appeal, and Henry Daniell with his handsome nonchalance, exactly the proper contrast. They have also been clever enough to underemphasize the lurid quality of the tale so that in the quiet telling the story becomes the more disturbing. It is well worth seeing.—*At the Booth.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

AFRICAN HILLTOPS

THERE is a saying on the Dark Continent that if one drinks the waters of the Nile, he will die in Africa. Even a few short months, and one can understand the desire to spend one's last days in this fascinating land, where East and West meet and mingle. One can more readily sympathize with that ever-growing stream of returning missionaries, travelers, colonists, traders and explorers, who, on their chosen or enforced furlough home count the weeks until the palm-fringed shore of their adopted country looms across the monsoon-lashed harbors.

Interest was ours, indeed, as we came into Mombasa, with its sapphire sea, its smooth, green golf courses sloping to a coral-reefed bay, its spacious European bungalows, its grass-roofed native huts nestling beneath coconut palms, but it was an interest tinged with memories of a home left far behind, of speculation as to what lay ahead, whereas these returning French, English and Germans who swarmed the decks, hanging over the rails for the first glimpse of land, had succumbed to that African lure, which, once experienced, is never lost. Now, truly, I can appreciate the feelings of that old missionary, who on each successive return to Europe, goes down to his cabin as the Kilindini Docks fade on the horizon, and weeps for the country slipping slowly away.

White-helmeted English officials, Goanese, Indians, specimens from all the tribes of Africa, motor cars, rickshas, ox-wagons, long-horned cattle driven through the streets, white kanzus, colorful sukas, flowing Hindu robes, brown skins, white skins, black skins, yellow skins, sophisticated globe-trotters, continentals, islanders, leopard skins, ivory carvings, tongues of all nations, Swahili, the Oxford accent, Luganda, Africans, French, — truly Mombasa is a city of contrasts.

And as one climbs into the plateau country of Kenya and Uganda, past the snow-capped glory that is Kilimanjaro, through the Southern Game Reserve, where ostriches and zebras and antelope are everyday sights, past the mountain stations

where the loitering natives, in strange attire, stare with widening eyes at the incoming Europeans, on through banana groves, plantations of coffee, maize, sisal and cotton, where naked black bodies are lifted from their labor, to watch the snake-like steel ribbon of railroad wind up the incline, the fascination grows, and this land of fierce sunshine and sudden, lashing rains, this land of bright daylight and swift night, this country of many-tongued tribes and bizarre animal life, of terrible beauty and insidious death, subtly binds one in the meshes of its web. "Who drinks the waters of the Nile . . . "

Morning, with dawn creeping out of the East, at first weak and pale as the mists lifting from the valleys below, then raising herself slowly with colors of gray and red and gold, while the smoke of many fires rises from a hundred huts. Lithe brown children coming down to the streams with their buckets, dipping cool waters with a cupped, smooth banana leaf, graceful forms balancing heavy burdens of matoke on their heads, Bahima, the cattle-rearing tribe, thin, tall, naked to the waist, scarlet cloaks swaying in lovely folds behind them, glistening spears for staff or weapon, and ahead of them their long-horned, lumbering cows, crowding the narrow roadway.

Night, and shadows from the banana trees lying dark across the road, the weird, hollow call of the drums over the hills, the howl of a leopard in the stillness, flickering fires lighting up dusky faces, moon flowers, fragrant and glistening under the stars, soft-footed figures in white climbing the slope to Nsube, Victoria Nyanza in the distance stretching like a sheet of silver in the moonlight . . . it is small wonder that the Baganda folklore says that Kintu, the first man, lived in Uganda, for sometimes it is very like Paradise.

"Ekubo lizibidwa olwa abagenge." "Road closed because of lepers." The sign was a warning, almost a threat. Most people turned back after reading it, especially the natives with their horror of the dread disease, but our car went straight on, past the grass huts, the burnt-brick dispensary, the bati-roofed convent, to the assemblage on the baraza, that strange, disfigured, slowly dying group, which burst into song at the sight of the visitors: *"Nsanyuse okukulaba."* . . . "We are glad to see you." . . . Out over the green hills it rang, that chorus of soft, native voices, out over the flame trees with their reddening blossoms, out over the tall, waving elephant grass, beyond to Lake Victoria, lying blue and peaceful in the noonday sun. And then the swift patter of black hands, applauding themselves like children, a swift, soft laugh, and lifted distorted faces, with their smiles of welcome to the white people who could not speak their language.

One's first leper . . . it is a unique experience. One wonders beforehand what one's reaction will be. Horror? Fear? Disgust? Loathing? But there was nothing but pity, a great, overwhelming pity in the presence of such suffering, which could still sing under the burning sun. There were bodies with great welt-like sores, feet minus the toes, useless fingers which had long since ceased to bend, there were stumps of arms and legs, there were eyes that were scarcely visible, but everywhere we went, there was a song in the air and good wishes, and a fare-

well chant that said in their lovely tongue, *"Weraba, Katanda akukume."* "Goodby, God guard you."

Peter was too ill to be on the baraza, but in the little, circular hut, carefully covered, and comforted with a soothing ointment which did not quite hide the great raw spots on his thin arms, he lay patiently, his nine-year-old mind wondering perhaps, what it was all about, trying to fathom that suffering which kept him in from the sunshine and the frolic under the banana trees with other boys of his own age, which made him often, oh, so very often, not want his dinner, which made the big tears roll down his cheeks when the Sister-Doctor was dressing those queer sore spots which kept opening, opening, . . .

The Baganda are extremely polite. There is a long, formal string of greetings when they meet you, a ceremonial which must be observed among themselves, though they charitably make allowances for the European who is not familiar with the ritual. And as for Peter, his black eyes looking up wonderingly at us, he repeated one after another the expressions of gladness at seeing us, and the thanks for coming to see him, and the hope that we were well, and that we had spent a good day, and that God would guard us, and that he excelled us in his delight at the meeting, and so on, and so on. I wondered how any white child, in similar agony, could have managed the sweet smile and the soft-throated greetings, and it was very difficult not to pick him up, blankets and all, and hug him, for what is there lovelier than a child—even a leper child?

White kanzus, red sukas, blue, yellow, gay spots of color over the green slope as the natives poured out from the church. Unlike the other tribes, the Baganda had clothing long before any others had covered their nakedness. Garments of the barkcloth, beaten from the bark of the mutuba tree, were worn, they insist, even in the days of Kintu. Intelligent, reasonable, proud of their superiority, the Baganda had a well-ordered government long before the white invaders came trekking through the jungle and over the barrier hills. They are scornful of any people who do not cultivate the soil, and the hunting and fishing tribes, Pygmies and Nilotic Negroes, and the cattle-raising Africans, such as the Masai and the Bahima, they regard as decidedly inferior to themselves.

Luganda, the tongue of Uganda, is very rich, flexible, pronounced like Latin, a language of innumerable prefixes. Until the advent of the missionaries, there was no written record, but a folklore full of color, of animal story, of wisdom and humor, was handed down from father to son. To-day the children of Uganda listen to the same tales that their ancestors told around the evening fire, why the frog has no tail, why the lizards have puffed cheeks, why bats fly only at night, how the flame tree first came to earth, stories of the days of old, when the Baganda warriors in their long canoes went to war with the Basese and the Bakome on the Lake islands, of the wise leper who saved a girl from the malice of a witch-doctor, countless quaint stories which are filled with keen insight into human nature, written in the hearts of these children of the hot grasslands.

Buluba lay sizzling beneath the noonday sun. Crested cranes looked for their dinner in the water weeds. Bright blue lizards darted over the

rocks, and the tree locusts sang of the heat that was to come, for the January summer was not far off. Conditions are, as yet, quite primitive in this new leper settlement on the shores of Lake Victoria. Native grass huts cluster round the Convent, which at present is a wattle and daub, grass-roofed house. Jiggers, those tiny insects which bore their way into one's feet and take possession with their family, bats, rats, white ants, red ants, which eat in a single night through a dormitory wall, leaving a three-foot pile of earth to be cleared away—truly animal life is abundant in this vicinity. The biologist would be in clover for the insect specimens alone, with their astounding shapes and brilliant colors, keep one in constant amazement. Grasshoppers with exquisite designs of rose and gold on their wings, chameleons with eyes that roll in all directions, lizard-like creepers with serrated ridges like diminutive prehistoric monsters, devil's walking sticks six or eight inches long, and in the midst of all this exotic fairyland, the thousands of poor neglected creatures, who, until a few years ago, were roaming the country, abandoned by their terrified relatives, living in the long grass and the jungle like wild beasts, a menace to the countryside.

The leprosy problem in Uganda is a serious one, for it has as far as is known, the highest world-rate, where lepers are estimated to be over twenty thousand. At Bulubu, where the Franciscan Sisters[1] have taken up a work dear to the heart of the poor man of Assisi, each patient is given his hut and his patch of ground, for unless they live at the settlement systematic treatment is impossible. We inspected the convent, the new dispensary, the road being laid out between the plantations, wondered at the great hoof-marks of the night-marauding hippos, who regularly root up the Sisters' garden. Nuns, who a few years past have known London or Paris, Boston or New York, are now pegging out the foundations for a new hospital or a bungalow convent, drawing plans for buildings, superintending the native workmen while they burn bricks for the new settlement, laying out roads where six months ago tall grass and underbrush made progress impossible, giving injections to diseased, leprous bodies, slowly breaking down pagan vice and superstition, and replacing them with the love and the peace of Christ. Here one truly sees the worthwhile achievements of the modern woman.

Out on to the Lake Victoria after dinner in a motor boat, for no one who visits the Lake for the first time must miss the hippos. Papyrus, tall, feathery and graceful, grows along the banks; farther inland, mutuba and muvale trees; beyond, high wooded hills and sheltered bays, skimming cowbirds, sparkling waters, and the tall water reeds growing far out into the lake . . . then in the distance a terrific splash, and another, followed by a third. Hippos, coming for their bath! We turned our boat in that direction, and some of us, I know, thought of the graves we had seen a half hour before, where lay the two missionaries who had lost their lives when their boat was overturned by the great, black shapes that sometimes swim under water. Hippos are frequently shot from native canoes, but

[1]Novitiate at Holme Hall, Yorkshire, England.

the sport is not without its danger, and few natives will face the nerve-racking experience of a charging, wounded three-ton water-pig. We came near enough to see the huge, ugly heads, we sighted a crocodile or two, and then we turned shoreward, for the sun was getting paler behind the western islands. Helmets were discarded, and we settled ourselves for the quiet dusk which stays such a short time, flickers an instant and slips into the night.

Then came the long ride over red-clay roads, through thick, close-growing trees, past the Nile Bridge, where the great river leaves the Lake for its long journey through Africa to the Mediterranean Sea, beyond the Ripon Falls, on into the town of Jinga, where we stopped for petrol at an Indian filling station, and then came the storm. Black, heavy clouds tore across the blue-black sky, elephant grass bent low under the rushing breeze, red dust swirled up in front of the windshield, almost obliterating the road ahead, natives, head down, battled against the wind which whistled furiously by our car. A sky lit from east to west by sharp flashes, a deluge of rain, clay which became deep mud in fifteen minutes under the torrential downpour, tree-shadows, dancing fantastically in the white intervals of light, and ahead of us, hills, wave upon wave of them rolling into the black African night. Then in the distance, One-Tree Hill, the Indian duka near home, familiar mud huts, the lights of Nkokonjeru from a height, lost again, a turn to the right, and our own compound. . . .

"Who drinks of the waters of the Nile . . ."

SISTER M. ANNA, O.S.F.

Nova et Vetera

Character Education

To the Catholic educator, character education and religious education are one and the same thing, viewed in part from different angles. An education without religion cannot form a character of stability. The eternal truths of religion are the reserve that must, and will, be drawn upon in times of temptation and depression. Indoctrination, therefore, is a necessary adjunct to character education. It is impossible for a child to reach correct conclusions about many social affairs without some indoctrination. The only motive for sacrifice that we can teach and that will carry over into every situation in life is that of religion. Character education is to consider the whole man, and to use whatever qualities in him are serviceable for its purpose. The development of personality is necessarily incomplete without the balance of social and individual impulses that religious contemplation and retreat affords. The school's greatest task is to lead the child to God.

Some principles of character education are carried out in practice in Ethical Culture. For both the Ethical Culturist and the Catholic, character education requires a principle of living that will serve to balance impulses, construct a working scale of values, and enable one to follow a plan of life. Individual morality includes an appreciation of the social order of which we are members. The teaching of ideals is an effective influence on the character, and with ideals properly synthesized is a device effective in the integration of personality. All social morality depends ultimately upon private morality. We rise or fall as moral personalities according as we help or hinder the upward climb of others. The atmosphere of the school is a necessary condition for the formation of good character in the student. The appreciation of the benefits of religious endeavor is an element in the development of complete personality.

The contributions of Ethical Culture to educational endeavor are its rule of life, its educational ideal, and the emotional attitude it instils, to which latter the name ethical culture is quite fitting. These three qualities, when stabilized with religious motivation, can be tied up into a powerful incentive for doing good.

The weaknesses of Ethical Culture are its lack of religion, its excessive idealism and consequent lack of realism, its lack of a motive for sacrifice, of a principle of stability, and of universal appeal, and finally its inability to profit by the advantages of Christian civilization.

A philosophy of life that, in its emphasis on the salvation of individual souls, produces a self-satisfaction and indifference to the welfare of others is not ideal Catholicity. But it is a failing that we as Catholics are apt to fall into. The Catholic's other-worldliness is a part of his view of life, but it must be balanced by a certain amount of this-worldliness. If in the sphere of worldly leadership the products of secular education excel, a natural Catholic aloofness to the methods of

those schools will not be a convincing argument of the fact that the Catholic philosophy of life is really a practical philosophy for one living in the world; neither will it simplify the reorganization that some day will be made by which Catholic educators will take advantage of scientific progress in education. The work of sifting the chaff from the wheat can be organized on paper, but the work of testing the crop, and checking the results of theoretical sifting requires actual practice within the Catholic school system. When points theoretically sound are capable of being tied up with an internally consistent system of educational theory, and put into practice, it but remains that they be tested.

—From *An Evaluation of the Philosophy and Pedagogy of Ethical Culture.* By SAMUEL FREDERICK BACON, M.A. (Washington, D. C.: The Catholic University of America).

NO MATERIAL DIVIDENDS

THOSE who predict the crash of our Western Civilization and attribute all its faults to economic causes inherent in Capitalized Industrialism, seem to leave out of account several important factors in human affairs. Those who see salvation in Socialism or Communism, which are merely Capitalized Industrialism stereotyped under a different Board of Management, conveniently ignore any items in the way of social impedimenta that don't fit in to the luggage van, but which it will be impossible to leave behind on the platform when the train starts. Orthodox financiers and economists on the defence seem to fight on most cheerfully even after cutting their own lines of communication with their own logical base. For instance, in a recent number of the *Round Table* the writer of an article on "Usury" discussed that financial problem without drawing any distinction between interest on productive and on unproductive loans. Socialists habitually argue about Capital and Interest and Labour, either without defining usury at all, or defining it wrongly.

Usurious interest is not necessarily a matter of degree but of kind —any interest on a "non-productive" loan is usury. On a "productive" loan interest is not usury unless it is inequitably high.

Our modern commercial industrial world has forgotten this piece of economic wisdom which was understood, if not always practised, in the Middle Ages. (It was at the root of most of the quarrels with the Jews who refused to recognize the difference.) In those days, however often people broke moral laws, and however ingeniously they evaded them, they did not try to pretend that a promulgated law ceased to be valid if it were only broken sufficiently often and on a wide enough scale. Their reason recognized that disobedience to a law did not abrogate it. It made their moral guilt in breaking it greater; but nowadays our guilt is intellectual. Wrong practice seems to the modern mind a justification for abandoning all attempts to adhere to right principles, and to contain in itself some virtue to change the validity of principles.

Cornered in argument people say feebly "but you can't put back the clock"—regardless of the fact that nothing is easier or more necessary, if the clock is wrong.

It isn't only Capital that practises usury. There is a usury of Labour too.

The *words* usury and usurious are not popular, possibly because their

real meaning is so often lost sight of; but that which the words really stand for is rife.

The care of the very young, of the very old, of the sick, of the poor, is not, and cannot be, a commercially profitable proposition. It is *necessary;* that is to say in a Christian community, or in a community which conserves contact with Christian ethics, conscience demands that orphanages, asylums, hospitals, schools, infirmaries, or their equivalents, shall exist. Other quite intelligent but non-Christian civilizations dispense with such institutions. In China unwanted babies are thrown out to die; lepers and other mortally sick people are left uncared for until Christian missionaries intervene.

But money used as Capital expended on the building of orphanages, hospitals, etc., can never produce "interest" in terms of money; and if a State or a Municipality raises loans for the purpose of erecting schools, or infirmaries, or asylums, and proceeds to pay interest on such loans, such interest, if it is only 2 per cent, is purely usurious interest. (In the long run it means that subsequent generations have to pay not only for the education and care of their own children and poor relations but for the education and care of their ancestors and the cure of their ills.)

In the same way those who rear and educate young children, who nurse the sick and the insane, and care for the old and infirm are also engaged upon commercially unprofitable work; and to turn it into commercially profitable work is also usurious.

The Corporal Works of Mercy return no dividends, and provide no source of profits.

Obviously those who spend their lives ministering to the helpless and infirm members of the community must live, and must in their turn be cared for in sickness and old age; but it was precisely this commonsense economic fact that the religious orders faced when they were founded, and it was this problem they solved.

It is precisely the work which is traditionally women's work, and the work for which women are naturally adapted, that is, in any conceivable state of society, commercially and materially "unprofitable."

Outside the Catholic Church, the world, working and thinking without the traditional guidance, has neither defined the problem, nor faced it, nor solved it.

Socialist or Communist schemes for superseding the family and home life with State substitutes merely carry the problem several steps further into chaos, for the State is always a terribly expensive and extravagant "mother" and "housekeeper." The overhead costs of the social services necessarily include heavy costs of administration which again represent "non-productive" capital and labor.

—From *Women and the Catholic Church.* By OLGA HARTLEY (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.).

THE CREED OF THE CRITIC

THE critic, like the artist, is an individual. The palate is a very personal possession, and the sincere enjoyment of literature depends upon the satisfaction of the personal needs of each of us: no amount of argument can alter that. Age and temperament and personal experience are inevitably and inextricably bound up in the responses of each

individual to every work of literature he reads. . . .

And the limitations of the individual in criticism can be paralleled in the limitations of the spirit of the age. For the critic again, like the artist, lives in a particular age of the world's history and in particular circumstances and environment. Each age in turn revalues works of art according to its own needs and the quality of its own outlook, and there is always that element in the appreciation of literature which is summed up by Charles II's comment on the popularity of a certain preacher among the Londoners of that day: "Well, I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

But no age is the law and the prophets. The men and women of today, whatever their peculiarities of outlook, are the descendants of many centuries of men and women very much like themselves, and the literature of today is a living part of the literary traditions of many centuries. As individuals each of us passes:

"There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

And as an age, our age will pass just as other ages have passed. . . .

There are no laws of criticism which are immutable, and no opinions in powerful rhyme or prose which can be cast into the monument of absolute values. Criticism, like art itself, must always remain personal. But behind all personal views there *is* a standard, which if it is not absolute, is at least rooted and durable, just as behind the vagaries of any one age there is the stability of the reiterated values of all the ages. . . .

The enjoyment of literature . . . is bound to be influenced in some degree by the rigidities and prejudices which are inseparable from individual human nature, but the art of criticism (for it is an art, although a small one) has much in common with the art of living. In both, the positive is of more value than the negative: it is of more importance to be cultivated than to be censorious; to have intellectual and emotional good breeding than mere brains; to enjoy than to dislike; to love than to hate. Knowledge must be there, to be sure, but to it the man of taste brings a kind of intellectual wisdom, a general spirit of discrimination and good judgment, a power to recognize and to value the width and variety of life's scope, and to relate the experiences of the mind with those of the emotions and the senses. To him life and literature challenge each other at every turn; memory and revelation go hand in hand. As knowledge of men and experience of living come to him, he responds more fully and sensitively to literature: as his knowledge of literature increases, he responds more fully and sensitively to life. "One cannot be seriously interested in literature and remain purely literary in interests."

Thus, although we live today in an agnostic and disillusioned age, the sympathetic reader of literature, though he can point to no tables of the law which enshrine the rules of his code, has nevertheless a standard of values which he feels in his bones to be unchangeable and unchallenged. In the midst of the crashing of creeds and the collapse of economic, social and moral precedent; in the midst of the greed of

commerce, the hypocrisies of politics, the vanity of dictators; in the face of the whole chaos and confusion, the muddle and mess, he can declare a clear and simple faith.

He can say that he believes in the eternal human values which are incarnated in the figures of Prometheus or Hamlet, of Esmond or Imogen, of Jane Eyre or Constance Povey. He can say that he believes in the grandeur of *Paradise Lost* and the grace of *Gather Ye Rosebuds*, in the flame of *Tyger, Tyger burning bright;* in the austerity of *Rosmersholm* and the perfect harmony of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. He can say that he believes in the wit of Congreve and the wisdom of George Eliot; in the sensibility of Donne and the profundity of Dostoievsky; in the intelligence of Aldous Huxley and the friendliness of Dr. Johnson; in the wide, sympathetic, sophisticated sanity of Chaucer and Fielding and Tolstoi; and in the might, majesty, dominion and power of the poetry of Shakespeare.

This is a faith of which no lover of literature need be ashamed; and the critic can but try to further this faith, in a spirit of approach to both past and present like that of one of the most wide-minded and civilized of modern writers—Arnold Bennett.

"My aim has been to keep a friendly attitude; to avoid spleen, heat, and above all, arrogance. I come neither to scoff nor to patronize, but to comprehend."

—From *The Enjoyment of Literature*. By Elizabeth Drew (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.).

Foreign Periodicals

Fisher and the Totalitarian State

For most men who have read or read about *Utopia* it is easy to feel that, though England was a small part of Europe and of the world, yet More is a great world-powerful figure. Fisher's cosmic position is less easily accepted by those who see England against the greater background of Europe or against the still greater background of the Old World and the New. Yet the remembrance of the Humanist revival which caught but did not engulf Fisher might surely lead men's minds to recognize that the culture the Humanists were rightly prizing came mainly from the little thing called Greece.

But the head of St. John the Baptist upon the altar of Fisher's private chapel would remind them of another little thing called Israel from whence had come such great world-figures as Isaiah, Jeremiah, fitly closed by a figure of one clothed in camel's hair, who was yet of such moral stature that men took him to be the Messiah.

It is with these weights and measures in our mind, and not with any geographical measures, that we take the Church's first canonized Cardinal Martyr to be for all time a world-figure of indefinable magnitude. Paul III "being High Priest that year" had pontifical if not prophetical insight into Fisher's place in history. The letter he wrote to Ferdinand of Hungary contains these significant judgments: "This Henry has far exceeded the impiety of the former one. He slew one only; this man, many. He slew the defender of the rights of one particular Church; this man, the rights of the Church universal. He, an archbishop; this man, a Cardinal of the Roman Church."

This defence of the Universal Church was made by Fisher under such conditions as almost immeasurably to honour the defender. It must be remembered that Fisher was defending, not primarily the Church, but the Pope. But Fisher was too sound a theologian and Catholic not to distinguish between a divine institution and its human occupants. A life that had been lived under Alexander VI, and had been ended under Paul III, was not likely to confuse the office with the person or to identify infallibility with impeccability. Moreover, if we may take the judgement of Fr. Bridgett and other competent historians, Fisher was one of those who thought that the Pope's delay to decide the theological issues lost England to the Faith. Under such circumstances, and three centuries and a half before the Vatican decision, Fisher's death-witness to papal authority is perhaps the most momentous happening of the sixteenth century.

Yet this dogmatic aspect of Fisher's heroic martyrdom, though so striking, may have to yield to the social aspect, which as time goes on may grow in greatness.

Just as in Florence Savonarola instinctively understood and accepted

the challenge of "money-power," now so explicitly exposed and condemned by the *Quadragesimo Anno*, so did Fisher instinctively understand and accept the challenge of Totalitarianism when it first opened its attack.

A comparison of sixteenth century with contemporary Germany or Italy or France or Spain will yield detailed proof that for a Totalitarian foray into the liberty slowly won and wrought by Christ's spirit no country was so ripe as was England. Almost everything in Church and State, in Churchmen and Statesmen, in the debts of the Crown to the Papacy and of the Papacy to the Crown made many of the first decisive lines of cleavage indistinguishable.

Master of these circumstances and with a large, detailed plan unstayed by conscientiousness was the colossal figure of Cromwell. This student of Machiavelli was more fortunate than his master in belonging to a happy island, now Tudor-governed, where all and more than all the principles of *Il Principe* could be put into operation. If money was needed this quondam house-and-land-agent could confiscate the wealth of the richest Church in Christendom. If force was needed, Henry Tudor had no hesitations on the grounds of kindred, friendship or loyal service. If ecclesiastical sanction was needed, the Divine Right of Kings, eked out by hanging and quartering, had given Cromwell a non-resisting or consenting Hierarchy.

There is a phrase in an ambassadorial despatch from England in those years. He writes to his royal master that "everything here is Sedition." Already in the sixteenth century we have the totalitarian dogma that can make even trivial acts — or even silence — an act of counter-revolution or sedition.

If against this subtle yet brutal Machiavellianism of Henry and Cromwell the gaunt, immovable Yorkshireman stood up in the name of Jesus, he stood up no less in the name of human freedom. Perhaps one of the greatest pages in the history of England records the names of her children who suffered for freedom's sake. But none of those names has a greater title to remembrance than that of John Fisher.

Two special titles will one day win him a unique place amongst the champions of human liberty.

First when the totalitarian attack was first delivered under circumstances that made it irresistible because almost undistinguishable, it was the genius of Fisher to detect and oppose it. We of Fisher's faith know the secret source of wisdom which gave him "sight beyond the smoke."

Secondly, he fought it; he died fighting it. Yet unlike the man he was fighting, he always fought fair. John Fisher never "fouled" his adversaries. But though, for a moment, they won on a foul, he like a true sportsman never gave in "till the bell rang."

—Vincent McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), June.

English Catholics' Debt to Cobbett

Catholics in this country should not allow the centenary of the death of William Cobbett which happened in June, 1835, to pass without grateful recollection of all that they owe to him. It was his vigorous polemics on behalf of their forefathers and their Faith, at a time when both

were hated and despised by Englishmen, which did much to overthrow what had so long kept them in thrall —the combined forces of moneyed privilege and religious intolerance. As Catholics, and, for the most part, members of the lower classes, they found in Cobbett a vindicator of both their civil and religious rights, who by mere force of personality made a hearing for them when they were practically dumb, and fought for them when they were politically weak. Of course they had champions of their own—O'Connell, Milner and the rest—and also enlightened Protestant friends like Sydney Smith, but the significance of Cobbett's attack upon the great Protestant Tradition was that it came, as violently as unexpectedly, from the rear, and so did more damage than any frontal assault. . . .

In *The Weekly Political Register*, which, with amazing assiduity, he edited, sometimes from abroad, sometimes even from gaol, he poured forth condemnation of the savage penal code, the degrading poor-laws, the political frauds, the increasingly bad factory conditions. In vain the Government tried to silence him; he could not be bribed: friends paid his fines. He loathed the blind hypocrisy which tolerated, or even supported, social injustice at home, whilst agitating against slavery and similar abuses abroad. . . . He wanted Justice, without destroying Freedom, for the people; it was later that he came to admire the Catholic period in English history, because he saw that England, before the Reformation, had come nearer to uniting Justice with Freedom than at any time since.

Cobbett never joined the infidel section among the Radicals, but he was a true modern in his indifference to doctrine, and his insistence on the purely social aspects of religion. He bitterly attacked the Church of England to which he belonged because he saw that the Established Church had become the tool of the ruling classes. In his most famous book "Rural Rides," he comments on the alienation of sympathy from the Church of England: the people no longer attended the services. "A D e a n, a big Church, and a fine Sunday—and ten labourers," he writes. He noted too that with religion happiness had left the English village, whereas abroad the Catholic peasant was able to maintain a community gaiety that atoned in some measure for his individual sorrows.

Cobbett, however, made no detailed study of Catholicism till, in the 'twenties, the Catholic Emancipation question raised its head. It was at first due rather to his dislike of Methodists than to his love of Catholics that he espoused the cause of the latter, but, as he read and studied the question, his attitude became more rational, and, as Cardinal Gasquet has pointed out, the perusal of Lingard's "History of England" finally convinced him of the substantial truth of the Catholic view of social history.

The Great Protestant Tradition was in possession. Lingard's academic pages could not reach the masses, who believed that, somehow, the Reformation was an uplifting, liberating movement, raising the moral and physical standards of the people, delivering them from the bonds of priestcraft and superstition, opening to them unprecedented opportunities for culture and enlightenment. Cobbett determined to tell England the truth he had discovered. He set to work

with his usual vehemence and produced his brilliant "History of the Reformation in England and Ireland." He dared to defend "Bloody Mary"; he attacked "Good Queen Bess." He showed, by a wealth of figures, how the poor "popish man" had been better fed and clothed and had more real liberty than the "enlightened Protestant." Bursts of passionate declamation filled his book, alternating with the statistics and references by which he proved his contentions. . . .

Modern sociological historians—the Hammonds, Cole, Penty, Tawney and others, to say nothing of Catholic writers — have developed and confirmed Cobbett's thesis. "Emancipated" from Catholicism, the individual becomes, sooner or later, a slave of the State, whether Fascist or Socialist.

Cobbett's "History" created a sensation in England, as well it might; it was translated into Italian, French and Spanish. To the surmise that he meant to join the Church, he replied—"I have made no converts to the Catholic Faith; but I have made thousands of converts to the truth respecting the cause of the Catholics. It is TRUTH that I have in view to implant in the minds of my countrymen; and not only from an abstract love of truth but also, because a knowledge of the truth is particularly useful at this time."

Cobbett lived to see Catholic Emancipation a fact, but, in spite of several attempts, he did not become a member of Parliament till 1832, when, at the age of seventy, he was, appropriately enough, elected a member of the first Reform Parliament—too old to make any mark on a bitterly hostile assembly. His strong personality had several obvious flaws. He was one-sided, pugnacious, inconsistent, not over-scrupulous in points of money and honour. There was little delicacy either in his character or his style. He was a voluminous writer —his periodical literature alone fills one hundred volumes—but not a deep or accurate thinker. Unrivalled in the force and skill wherewith he presented facts as he saw them, he had not the leisure or the learning that go to the making of an historian or a philosopher. But he was a sincere lover of the poor and the oppressed, and a model husband and father. He detested Malthusianism, then just rearing its loathsome head. Had his advice and example been followed, the country would have better preserved that balance between industry and agriculture, so essential to the health of a State.

The upper classes hated him, but he was idolized by the people whose cause he adopted. With all his downright, unpoetical ways, he had a poet's eye for the beauty of the English countryside, and he wrote of it eloquently; and his keen sense of the social misery behind it made its loveliness poignant to him. Of all his writings perhaps only two survive in general literature — his "Rural Rides" (1830) a description, combining shrewd observation and skilful word-painting, of the English countryside, and the already-mentioned "History of the Protestant Reformation."

—A. P. MACKENNAS, in *The Month* (London), June.

Recent Events

Canonization Ceremony

The Catholic English-speaking world had been looking forward for many years to the canonization of the courageous English Bishop and the learned and pious scholar, writer and Lord Chancellor, who laid down their lives rather than compromise on an essential point of Catholic doctrine, the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff in the spiritual realm. The magnificent ceremony proclaiming the two martyrs saints took place on the fourth Sunday after Easter, May 19th, in the presence of seventeen cardinals, and about a hundred archbishops and bishops, including nearly the whole hierarchy of England and Wales. It was the first canonization of an Englishman in five hundred years.

The Holy Father in his address on the martyrs made a strong plea for Christian unity, particularly in England. He urged the ardent prayers of all, invoking the patronage of the new saints for something which, he said, was dear to his heart, namely, "that England, in the words of St. Paul, meditating upon the happy consummation which has crowned the life of these two martyrs, may follow them in their faith and return to the Father's House in unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God. Let those who are still separated from Us," he continued, "consider attentively the ancient glories of the Church of Rome. Let them consider and remember that this Apostolic See has been waiting for them so long and so anxiously, not as coming to a strange dwelling place, but as returning to their paternal home."

The 3,000 British pilgrims attended a Mass of thanksgiving the next morning at St. Paul's-Outside-the-Walls, during which Archbishop Hinsley of Westminster read a cablegram from the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, announcing a triduum throughout his archdiocese in honor of the new saints for the persecuted Church in Mexico. Archbishop Hinsley then asked the pilgrims to pray for their persecuted fellow-Catholics and said that the bishops of England and Wales who were in Rome then had sent a message to the suffering Catholics in Mexico through their Apostolic Delegate, the exiled Archbishop Ruiz. Later, the large English delegation had an audience with the Holy Father and he addressed them. He called St. John Fisher the perfect ecclesiastic and St. Thomas More the perfect layman. He recalled with pleasure, he said, the visit of King George V. and Queen Mary to him and he sent them his special blessing. Again, he expressed his concern about the non-Catholics of England. "Our hopes are very great," he said. "We trust that by the intercession of all the Saints and Martyrs of England, that dear country, called so truly the Dowry of Mary and the Patrimony of St. Peter, may participate in the fruits of the Redemption in a very abundant measure and that the Martyrs, those splendid fruits of Redemption, may obtain from God graces and blessings on all England."

End of the National Industrial Recovery Act

The Supreme Court of the United States by a unanimous decision on May 27th invalidated the entire code structure of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the Court holding that the code-making provisions of the Act constituted an invalid delegation by Congress of its authority to legislate to persons wholly disconnected with the legislative functions of the government. Two other unanimous rulings of the Supreme Court handed down the same day reversed policies of the Roosevelt Administration: the Frazier-Lemke five-year farm mortgage moratorium was held to violate the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution which provides that private property cannot be taken for public use without just compensation, and the President's dismissal of the late William E. Humphrey from the Federal Trade Commission in October, 1933,—Mr. Humphrey died the following February,—was held illegal because the President did not remove the Commissioner for the statutory causes established by Congress, namely, inefficiency, neglect of duty or malfeasance in office, but because, as the President stated at the time, their minds did not meet upon the policies or administration of the commission.

Great confusion followed the publication of the decision on the N.R.A. Though Donald R. Richberg, head of the N.R.A., urged business to retain those standards of fair competition which had been written into the codes, and Harper Sibley, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, called upon its members to make no immediate change in hour or wage schedules, reports came from all sides of cuts in wages and prices and increases in hours of labor; the stock market experienced several days of falling prices, and the Labor leaders, disappointment and discouragement. There were suggestions to curb the power of the Supreme Court, to amend the Constitution, to issue government licenses to industries. Congress marked time for several days.

Finally, on June 14th, the House passed the Senate bill, a skeleton N.R.A., restricted entirely to industrial research and effective till April 1, 1936. It has no code-making authority and no enforcement provisions, but the President may approve voluntary agreements of employers which do not violate the antitrust laws. The President immediately signed the bill. The Act which had been declared invalid by the Supreme Court would expire on June 16th.

Roman Decree on Religious Instruction

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, which makes regulations for the diocesan clergy and for pious associations, was published in April, dealing with the better care and the promotion of catechetical education. The text has just been made available in English by the N. C. W. C. News Service. The decree rightly points out that "the welfare of the civil State is bound up in the Catholic training and instruction of children and youths. It greatly benefits the State as well as religion if the citizens imbibe the spirit of Christianity along with the precepts of human teaching and secular education." The decree speaks a word of warning as

to the dangers of forgetfulness and neglect of the things of God in these days of "pseudoteachers given to atheism and the new paganism."

The decree orders for all dioceses: (1) The establishment of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, according to Canon 711, section 2, in every parish; (2) The establishment of parochial classes in Catechism according to the letter of this Congregation to the Bishops of Italy, April 23, 1924; and (3) Care on the part of the Ordinaries of the various dioceses that pastors explain the Catechism on Sundays and holydays of obligation to adults in terms suited to their capacity to understand. The Congregation asks that a leading part be taken in all these activities by those who are enrolled in Catholic Action associations.

Foundress of Cenacle Declared Venerable

A week before the canonization of the two English martyrs, on May 12th, Marie-Victoire-Therese Couderc, foundress of the Society of Our Lady of the Retreat in the Cenacle, was declared "Venerable" in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican by authority of Pope Pius XI. who had been chaplain of the Cenacle in Milan. Marie Couderc was born in 1805 in the diocese of Viviers in the south of France. There was a shrine of St. John Francis Regis at La Louvesc visited by throngs including many women and young girls. Establishing a hospice for them laid the foundation for the Society in 1826. The work was under the direction of Père Etienne Terme and Mother Therese Couderc was in charge of the house.

From this simple beginning to meet a purely local need, the Society branched out first to Lyons in 1845, then to several other cities of France, to Italy, England, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium, where the European Mother House and novitiate were established in Brussels. In 1892 the first establishment was made in the United States in New York. Later foundations were made here in the archdioceses of Boston and Chicago, and the dioceses of Brooklyn and Providence. The Provincial house and novitiate for this country is The Cenacle, Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, New York. There are over two hundred Religious of this Community in this country, engaged in catechetical work and conducting retreats.

Catholic Press Association Convention

Atlanta, Ga., was chosen for the meeting of the Catholic Press Association this year, the twenty-fifth since the founding of this organization in the United States. During three days, May 23d-25th, the most important questions concerning daily and periodical Catholic papers received careful and intensive treatment. There were special talks on editorials, on the part played by our magazines in Catholic Action and in promoting the National Eucharistic Congress Movement, and on the value of special columns in our papers.

Frank A. Hall, Director of the N. C. W. C. News Service, presented a statement to the Convention. They now serve 101 papers in 17 countries, and the new contacts created by the recent Eucharistic Congress

in Buenos Aires will probably lead to additional countries in South America taking the service, he said. His statement called attention to the International Catholic Press Exposition which is to open next April in Vatican City and to continue for seven months. *Osservatore Romano* is the primary promoter, and its distinguished editor, Count Dalla Torre, is the general chairman. National committees are now being formed throughout the world.

The Most Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Episcopal Chairman of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has upon the Association's invitation consented to act as Honorary Chairman of the Committee. Joseph J. Quinn, editor of *The Southwest Courier* of Oklahoma City and President of the Catholic Press Association, will act as Chairman, and other members of the Committee are Charles H. Ridder, of *The Catholic News*, New York; Richard Reid, Editor of *The Bulletin*, Augusta, Ga., and Frank A. Hall, Director of the N. C. W. C. News Service.

The speakers at a banquet given to the delegates by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, Atlanta Division, in coöperation with *The Bulletin* of Augusta, Ga., were their Excellencies, Bishop Hugh C. Boyle of Pittsburgh, Pa., Chairman, Press Department, N. C. W. C., and Bishop Michael J. Keyes, of Savannah, Ga., the Mayor of Atlanta, and the President of the Atlanta Newspaper Publishers' Association, Mr. Joseph J. Quinn, President of the Catholic Press Association, Jack J. Spalding K.S.G., Laetare Medalist, and the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., Editor of *America*, delivered the report of the Literature Bureau and said it recommended that the contemplated contest in stories suitable for motion picture treatment be initiated in October. Under the plan, stories winning awards in the competition would be offered for sale for use as scenarios, the contest winners receiving both prizes from the association and emoluments from the studios for the sale of their stories.

Officers for the coming year were chosen at the closing session. The Most Rev. James J. Hartley, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, was again chosen honorary president, and Joseph J. Quinn of *The Southwest Courier*, Oklahoma City, was reëlected president. The Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., was elected vice-president, and Charles H. Ridder of *The Catholic News*, New York, was named head of the Catholic Press Month Committee. Resolutions were adopted calling for a reinvigorated crusade by the Catholic Press of the United States for the cessation of the persecution of religion in Mexico, and pledging coöperation with the Bishop's Committee on Motion Pictures, and striking out against evil stage shows sometimes offered in connection with films. Another resolution continued the Association's Vigilance Committee organized "to protect our people against fraudulent practices of unscrupulous magazine circulation solicitors."

Our Contributors

THE reason for our divided continent and for thirteen instead of the expected fourteen original colonies, is interestingly told by CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON ("The Fourteenth Colony"), who has strayed into many historical bypaths in his long years of reading and study. Mr. Thompson has also given us a review this month of the work to which he frequently refers in his article, Professor Wrong's *Canada and the American Revolution.*

WE confess to being one of the "ancient and obsolete minds," mentioned by ALAN DEVOE, baffled by "The Riddle of Modern Writing." We recommend the perusal of his article to all our literary neophytes. This is Mr. Devoe's second appearance in our pages, his first having been in March with the serene and charming "I Live in the Country."

READERS of "Uncharted" will agree with us that BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN is one of the best of our short story writers. Miss Brown writes us from Provincetown that each of her previous contributions to our pages has had repercussions, the publication of her poem "Mutineer" having led to the pleasant revival of an old friendship.

So much that is false and, in fact, vicious, has been written in America of late about the Chinese Communist movement, that DOROTHY GRAHAM'S (MRS. JAMES W. BENNETT) story of the heroism of the people of Ningtu will surely surprise American readers. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are still in Peiping; China, as we all know, being the land of their predilection.

ELEANOR DOWNING, M.A., B.LITT. (OXON.), recaptures for us so successfully the atmosphere of "The Pre-War *Pension*" that it leaves us with a nostalgic feeling for the days that are no more. Miss Downing, at present teaching English Literature at Brooklyn College of the City of New York, is always the poet, whether her medium be prose or verse. We should like to see her poems collected in a volume in the near future.

EVIDENTLY many phases of past history await only the magic touch of the long overdue "great novelist" to be galvanized into life for us again. JAMES OWEN TRYON suggests still another in "The Passing of the Packets." Much of his life has been spent at Athens on the shores of the Hudson, whence his interest, doubtless, in its ways of travel. He has been an occasional contributor of ours for several years.

UPHOLDING the family tradition, her father still and her mother in times past, being among our contributors, MARIQUITA MACMANUS with "His Maiden Voyage" makes her initial appearance in our pages. Miss MacManus lives with her parents in New York where she was introduced to society about two years ago.

In his second article on affairs in Mexico, the Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., enlarging a radio talk given last month over WLWL, proves with deadly logic "The Case for the Mexican Government" to be a poor one indeed. Father McSorley spends considerable time in the giving of retreats to schools and religious communities. The English edition of his *Primer of Prayer* is meeting with the same signal success as the original. He is at present engaged in revising the 13th edition of his *Short History of the Catholic Church*, adapted in 1916 from Professor Herman Wedewer's *Kirchengeschichte*.

We are always glad of anything from the Reverend Stephen J. Brown's versatile pen, be it on the Imagery of the Bible, of Shelley, or a charming essay like the present "On Making Allowances." Attached to the Jesuit house at Rathfarnham Castle, County Dublin, Father Brown's main interest is the Central Catholic Library in Dublin. He is also Lecturer in Bibliography in the National University of Ireland, a past President of the Biographical Society of Ireland, the author of many volumes, and a contributor to many periodicals, Irish, English and American. His present essay is to form a chapter in a forthcoming book.

Two of our poets this month are old friends, — Catherine Parmenter, who gives evidence of a richly maturing talent in her "Sonnets to Beauty," and William Thomas Walsh, M.A., Litt.D., whose "Fool's Martyrdom" is a beautiful expression of the spiritual perception which distinguishes all his work. The third, Isabel McKenna (Mrs. Pitts) Duffield, appears for the first time. A daughter of Supreme Court Justice McKenna, she proclaims herself proud of the rich heritage of achievement he has left her. Mrs. Duffield lives in Paris and is the author of *Washington in the 90's* and a contributor of verse to the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* and other journals.

New Books

The Emperor Charles IV. By Bede Jarrett, O.P.—John England, Bishop of Charleston. By Right Rev. Joseph L. O'Brien, S.T.D.—A Better Economic Order. By Right Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, D.D.—The National Recovery Administration. By Leverett S. Lyon and Others.—Not Built With Hands. By Helen C. White.—Peace by Revolution. By Frank Tannenbaum.—Renascent Mexico. Edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock.—Chaos in Mexico. By Charles S. Macfarland.—As a Little Child. By Cornelia S. Crane.—Canada and the American Revolution. By George M. Wrong.—Paul Elmer More and American Criticism. By Robert Shafer.—The Abbey of Evolayne. By Paule Régnier.—I Speak for the Silent. By Vladimir V. Tchernavin.—Pamphlet Publications.

The Emperor Charles IV. By Bede Jarrett, O.P. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.00.

The European world has been afflicted for so long by political anarchy (evidenced anew in our times by the decay of that artificial and external unity represented at Geneva), that studies of the old Holy Roman Empire, once the political pivot of Christendom, can offer real substance for contemporary political thought. It was, therefore, welcome news that the late Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., had left this biographical study now posthumously published. For readers unfamiliar with German and Bohemian studies it will illuminate a period in the history of Central Europe that has so far received scant treatment by English and American scholars.

Our historians of course have dealt extensively with the history of the western countries in the same period, for it was the age of the Hundred Years' War and the Papal residence at Avignon, the age of Edward III. and the Black Prince, of Crécy and Poitiers, of Wycliffe, of Petrarch, of Rienzi; but Germany and Bohemia under the Wittelsbach and Luxemburg houses have not been much studied. Events and personalities in imperial history from Carolingian to Hohenstaufen times may be well enough known, but that Fourteenth Century period of critical transition from an imperial dominion to what might be called a mere imperial primacy in the politics of Christendom has so far escaped much careful scrutiny. Historical writers for the most part have turned their attention upon the rising national monarchies of this age, seeing these as things modern and living, destined to command the future; all the while the dying medieval thing, the Empire, has got little notice. And this has been unfortunate because it was in this period that the effort was made to adapt the empire to the new order of vigorous nation-states, that is, to maintain the Empire as a kind of political pivot round which the states of Christendom might revolve, each developing freely its own essential life yet all paying homage to the ultimate political unity of Christendom. The experience of the medieval centuries had shown that it was in the genius of Christian society to de-

velop not a single vast imperial state, but a group of free nations. The persistent attempts of the German Kaisers to resurrect the universal Roman dominion were finally defeated, and this defeat was followed by a renaissance of the authentic civilization of Europe. With that rebirth appeared the modern nation-state, and the problem of the Emperors came to be one of recognizing and accepting that fact the while they also kept alive the imperial office and its venerable tradition. It was the virtue of Charles IV., Emperor from 1346 to 1378, that he did face squarely this problem. It may be going too far to assert with Father Jarrett that "to him more than to any other single ruler the present political organization of Europe owes its existence," but Father Jarrett does show convincingly that Charles "foresaw the tendencies of Europe" and tried as hard as could humanly be expected "to provide for them peacefully."

In the picture of Charles contained in this study nothing stands out more conspicuously than the Emperor's determined and sincere will to work hand in hand with the Papacy for the promotion of order and peace in a very anarchic Christendom. The traditional view of Charles among the Germans (with whom he has never been popular) is that Charles was a weak and rather spineless, certainly a very un-German ruler,—the "Priests' Emperor"; but in this there is suggested what measure of wisdom and real statesmanship may rightly be claimed for him. He was not a manifestly heroic ruler; he was usually content to forego real authority if he could maintain fictitious appearances and theoretical legalities; he was a prince always more disposed to retreat than to advance. But Father Jarrett is probably very near the truth in calling him "the most European of the emperors, the most universal in the width of his vision. . . . The Empire for him was a fellow partner with the Papacy in the unity and peace of Christendom. It is an accusation, a challenge, and a vindication that the most intellectual, the least warring, the most shrewd of the emperors was content to be known as the Emperor of the Priests."

In a foreword to this volume Mr. Douglas Woodruff informs us that the manuscript left by Father Jarrett was in "a complete and revised form," but that nevertheless the book was subjected to some further revision in the certainty that he would have done this himself had he lived to prepare the work for the press. It is unfortunate, I think, that this revision was not done more carefully. There are numerous slips into inaccuracy, as for example the assertion that the Treaty of Verdun (843) included Italy in the East Frankish kingdom rather than in the realm assigned to the Emperor Lothair I.; or the assertion that Lotharingia took its name from that Emperor rather than from his son; or the assertion that the Prussian crusade of the Teutonic Knights was not launched until the fourteenth century. Moreover, the actual writing of the book often needs polishing. There are passages that read like mere rough notes or rapid first draft dictation. One sample of this, chosen at random, is the following: "He was finely healthy, though perhaps too corpulent. The chase was for him, as always in the princes of the Middle Ages, the favourite sport."

Finally, I think it would be very

easy to challenge successfully Father Jarrett's interpretation of Charles' statesmanship in Germany. The Golden Bull of 1356 is presented here as an act to found a new constitutional order and unity in feudal Germany, but even on Father Jarrett's own showing this was rather a surrender to feudal powers and a legalization of anarchy. To say that Charles attempted "the modern political union of Germany," that of all the Emperors "he was most nearly the founder of German unity," that "he forestalled Bismarck without blood and iron," that "by peace and proclamation he created a new German world," is to say what no possible interpretation of the evidence can fully warrant a historian in saying. The simple and really obvious fact is that Charles was a king of Bohemia who, obtaining the imperial office, conducted it with very little concern for German national interests, being quite ready to make any sacrifice for a peace that was actually not a peace at all. Charles was indeed a good Catholic and a good European, but it was a true instinct of the Germans to give him small place of honor in their own national tradition. R. J. S. H.

John England, Bishop of Charleston: the Apostle to Democracy. By Right Rev. Joseph L. O'Brien, S.T.D. New York: Edward O'Toole Co. $2.50.

Dr. O'Brien has accomplished what to many may seem impractical—to write within the short space of two hundred odd pages a satisfactory account of South Carolina's great prelate. Taken from Dr. England's works and from the pages of the *United States Catholic Miscellany* which he founded in 1822, and to which he contributed generously up to his death in 1842, this volume has many intimate glimpses into the problems which faced the first Bishop of Charleston. Under striking chapter-headings Msgr. O'Brien has presented Dr. England in a way that brings out clearly all the high points in his career: The Patriotic-Priest, The Missionary-Bishop, The Teacher, The Journalist, The Defender of the Faith, The Sources of Prejudice, The Republic in Danger, Catholic Voters, The Preacher, The Legate, and The Man. It is an excellent selection and the whole Life is treated in a well balanced and attractive style. Although composed almost entirely of citations, these are so deftly handled that the story runs along smoothly; and whenever the text requires it, penetrating interpretations and summaries have been added which elucidate the serious problems that faced Dr. England. One of these *clichés* deserves to be repeated:

"John England was a Bishop, an overseer of his people, endowed with the attributes the world looks for in a man entrusted with the shepherd's staff. He was a loving pastor, ever in the highways and byways seeking the weak, the wandering, and the lost sheep of his fold. He was an intrepid missionary, ever dispensing the life-giving Sacraments to the children of the Faith; ever bearing the word of Truth to the children of error throughout the vast territory committed to his charge. He was a great preacher—one of the greatest the English speaking world has known, and a popular one. He was a fearless controversialist—the trail-blazer who charted the workings of the anti-Catholic mind for the psychologists of later days and who, in tearing the mask from fanatics and bigots, expounded to the

world the principles of the Constitution of the United States of America in the light of revealed religion."

John England's personality is still so vivid in American Catholic tradition that it is hard to realize that almost a century has passed since his death (April 11, 1842). What is particularly striking in his writings is their contemporary quality. The student of American Catholic apologetics has in this volume the best of all possible textbooks, for no writer of our national period probed so deeply into the sources of religious prejudice as did Bishop England. The Rector of the Bishop England High School of Charleston, S. C., has given us an excellent sketch of a prelate whom he justly calls "The Apostle to Democracy."

P. G.

A Better Economic Order. By Right Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

The National Recovery Administration. By Leverett S. Lyon, Paul T. Homan, George Terborgh, Lewis L. Lorwin, Charles L. Dearing, Leon C. Marshall. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. $3.50.

One may make a long list of the adjectives properly applicable to Dr. Ryan's new book, which is well-informed, solid, balanced, realistic, clear, bold and timely. The author begins with a study of the industrial depression of 1929, and two very significant items come to the reader's attention in the first chapter: First, that industrial units must be operated at almost their full capacity in order to be profitable; and second, that in 1929 our productive capacity in agriculture and industry was estimated to be 32 per cent above actual production. That is how the trouble began. Dr. Ryan summarizes his own view of the subject in the following statement: "The major causes of the depression, then, were excess profits, low wages and long hours during a period of great technological progress; on the other hand, large profits going into more capital instead of into consumers' goods through more purchasing power for labor; expansion of bank credit in speculative and investment fields which stimulated further overproduction."

Having considered various "Automatic Plans of Recovery," he concludes that to be effectual, recovery must be assisted. The vital need is a great increase of purchasing power in the hands of those who would expend it on consumption goods.

In a long and detailed study of the national recovery legislation, the author considers the various criticisms and dismisses them one by one as being not vital. Writing before the decision of the Supreme Court, he feels no alarm over the alleged encroachments on liberty, although he does believe that the N.R.A. would have to be improved in many respects to be effective.

We find the constructive part of the book in the closing two chapters, where the author insists that any satisfactory economic system must rest upon certain fundamental ethical principles. The first of these is that the earth and its wealth belong to all members of the human race without distinction. The second is that men must use all goods and opportunities in accordance with the laws of justice and charity. The third is the principle that industrial society is an organism which excludes individualism and economic

liberalism, and imposes upon the State an obligation to prevent whatever injures the common welfare or the rights of any class.

In the final chapter, the author, beginning with the frank statement that "America does need a new economic order" points out that any form of genuine collectivism, even the apparently mild variety sponsored by Stuart Chase, Norman Thomas, or *The New Republic*, would really diminish the degree of democracy, liberty and natural rights now enjoyed by American citizens.

As an alternative, he turns to the social order recommended by Pope Pius XI., which is the antithesis of collectivism, no less than of capitalism. Some who applaud the Pope's remedy wrongly assume that he recommends some form of collectivism. He does not want State-ownership and operation; he wants more, not less individual freedom. The main difference between his plan and the N.R.A. is that the latter does not include adequate participation by labor; and until this defect is remedied, "the Pope's proposals will continue to be more radical than the provisions of the New Deal." The Pope's proposed system would still be capitalistic, if we take capitalism to mean merely the private ownership of capital; but it would exclude capitalism in its historical sense, for that implies individualism and economic liberalism.

Dr. Ryan closes his book with the enumeration of certain immediate duties of the State which include reduction of the working week, an adequate program of public works, enforcement of the N.R.A. Codes, public ownership (not necessarily public operation) of public utilities, mines and petroleum deposits. Government competition in any industry would be necessary to prevent monopoly and other requisites would be the lowering of interest rates, increased taxes on medium and large incomes, inheritance and excess business profits.

More fundamental than any of this, however, is the lifting of ethical standards, the quickening of public and private conscience. The critical question still unanswered is, "Whether as a people we have the moral qualities necessary to carry out successfully any plan of social reform, or to achieve any considerable measure of social justice."

If the New Deal fails, the main cause of the failure will be the very ugly and very ancient vice that we call avarice.

The National Recovery Administration, the fifth of a series of studies of the N.R.A. undertaken by the Brookings Institution, we have a general analysis and appraisal of the N.R.A. as a whole. The work began almost at the inception of the Recovery Administration and has continued with the official coöperation of the Administration. The forty chapters of the book are divided among six authors and the responsibility of each writer is indicated.

The study runs into more than 900 pages. Printed in clear type and on good paper, divided and subdivided to attain the highest degree of clearness possible, it is a satisfactory treatment of a most complicated subject. Summaries are given at the close of the more important chapters and definite conclusions presented. The criticism is frank and objective; and the notable differences between planning and achievement are set down

remorselessly. The general conclusion is that, unless largely amended, the N.R.A. would entail one of two alternatives: "Either the flagrantly ineffective administration of a body of law, or the creation of an army of federal inspectors and officials under a decentralized system of executive organization."

To guard against misunderstanding, the authors make clear that no final judgment can be made without weighing the effects of the N.R.A., in both the field of recovery and the field of reform. Considering only the field of recovery, however, they must pronounce the N.R.A. a failure for the reason that it tends to freeze the cost and price structure against certain necessary adjustments and hence must interfere with the achievement of the real object, namely, the stabilization of business at a level of full production and full employment. The reforms necessary to remove the more obvious defects of the N.R.A. are so vital that they would probably undermine the whole scheme of code administration. "Since it is no longer possible to think of the N.R.A. as a recovery inducing agency, it is necessary that the determination of policy be divorced from the emergency principle and be related to long-run objectives." Immediate reconsideration is therefore important. This book should make consoling reading in the Supreme Court and instructive reading in the White House. J. McS.

Not Built With Hands. By Helen C. White. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

As a rule readers who glean their history from novels are sadly misinformed. They mistake imagination for fact, form false perspectives of particular periods, and regard caricatures of eminent men and women as authentic portraits. With the author of this outstanding novel as guide the average reader need have no fear of being led astray, for in it she gives us an accurate portrayal of the bitter conflict waged between Pope and Emperor in the eleventh century. If we except the dainty, imaginative picture of the Countess Matilda's mother love for the child that never was born of her union with Godfrey of Lorraine, the author chronicles facts in all their stark realism, and paints her portraits warts and all.

We are given full drawn sketches of the immoral, hypocritical, and unscrupulous despot, Henry IV. of Germany; of the kindly, forgiving but determined Saint, Pope Gregory VII.; of "the faithful handmaid of St. Peter," the courageous, charitable and loyal Countess Matilda of Tuscany; of her noble hearted confessor, Bishop Anselm of Lucca.

Many a purple passage in this all absorbing book will linger in one's memory. The Emperor at Canossa playing the part of a penitent to win back the allegiance of his followers; the Pope at the basilica of St. Mary's maltreated by the ruffian Cencius; the Countess Matilda pleading for peace with the hypocritical Henry at the hunting lodge near Mellrichstadt, fighting Henry's troops at Fontara and Sorbara, attending the Roman Lenten Synods, helping the poor in Florence, melting down her treasury to supply the Pope's warchest.

This book is one of the best novels of the day. It is beautifully written, dramatically told, and historically accurate. B. L. C.

Peace by Revolution. An Interpretation of Mexico. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Renascent Mexico. Edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock. Introduction by Ernest Gruening. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.50.

Chaos in Mexico. By Charles S. Macfarland. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00.

The subtitle of Mr. Tannenbaum's book is accurate enough; the author has indeed given us an interpretation of Mexico. It might be called a theory, for it is used as a framework into which he fits the facts. Whether called an interpretation or a theory, it goes something like this: The present condition of Mexico results from a resurgent nativism. The white race is a rapidly dwindling percentage of the population; Christianity, which never really penetrated beneath the surface, is being rubbed off like varnish; within a short space of time the influence of the Spanish Conquest will have been liquidated and Mexico will be again an Indian land.

This theory is not entirely original with Mr. Tannenbaum, but he works it so hard, it recurs on so many pages, its influence upon his narrative is so obvious, that in a certain sense it can properly be called his own. To be sure the theory does contain a measure of truth. But studying this work from a critical point of view, one sees that the author has let his theory run away with him. Often he stresses only one element in a complex situation. He is given to general statements which are sometimes exaggerated, and sometimes not only unproved but literally unprovable. With a rashness characteristic of sociology in its infancy, he undertakes to tell us what was in the minds of the natives baptized by the early Franciscan missionaries,—a rather daring venture. He is repetitious, too. Thoughts and phrases recur in different chapters almost as if these were separate papers which had been gathered together. Sometimes he prophesies,—a dangerous activity. And sometimes he is as jubilant over an insignificant anecdote as if he were visiting a model school or a foreign country for the first time.

Anyone who undertakes a study of Mexico must of course give a great deal of consideration to the Catholic Church. Now without denying that there is room for just criticism of the representatives of Catholicism both clerical and lay, at all times and especially in Mexico at certain times during the last 400 years, we believe that Mr. Tannenbaum shows no evidence of distributing his criticism in a judicial spirit. In fact in many respects he seems incapable of understanding the point of view of the Catholic missionary or the mental attitude of the lay Catholic. Time and again he seems to imply that conscience or moral ideals could not possibly be the motive of a man's conduct. All this betrays an attitude which is not scientific, not historical. There is then much to be improved in Mr. Tannenbaum's book, but I will say this for it, that Chapter V. will greatly help the reader toward at least some understanding of the complex relationship between Church and State which has prevailed in Mexico, both in the Colonial and in the Independent era.

The nineteen chapters of Renascent Mexico are written by vari-

ous contributors and deal with the different aspects of the Mexican scene—folk-ways, economics, education, banking, art, archæology, poetry, fiction and the like. At least one third of the writers appear to have some official connection with the Mexican Government and the others quite plainly are in sympathy with it. The book, therefore, may be looked upon as part of the semiofficial propaganda now so intense in this country. The copyright belongs to the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin-America, and the papers apparently are based on lectures originally delivered in the Seminar which that Committee conducts each year in Mexico City in connection with a tour from New York.

As might be supposed, the different contributors vary considerably in ability and hence their papers vary greatly in merit. One of the best is by Luis Cabrera, formerly a member of Carranza's Cabinet, who finds the key to the Mexican chaos in the physiographic isolation of region from region, intensified by division into thirty political entities and by the use of more than five fundamentally different tongues and twelve different language groups. He advocates prohibition of the use of Indian languages. He finds a serious difficulty in the fact that there is no such thing as "the Mexican people," but rather various peoples in at least four or five types of civilization. The solutions worked out in other countries "crumple up" therefore before the heterogeneity of Mexico. "There are some who seriously believe that the solution of all our national problems must take the Soviet form, through the establishment of Russian Communism and the decreeing of everybody's equality in civilization."

Another interesting paper by Stanley Rypins contrasts the Mexican with the Russian Revolution and states that the resemblance between the two is entirely superficial, except, perhaps, in their hostility to the Catholic Church and in public instruction.

Throughout the book there is no mention of the cruel injustice now being practiced toward the Catholics in Mexico. We have here, as in most of the lectures delivered at the Seminar, a one-sided superficial picture of Mexico calculated to make it attractive to tourists. One is tempted to make a constructive suggestion to the Committee on Cultural Relations which boasts of being outside all partisanship, religious or political. Why do they not include in the list of speakers at the Seminar, some one with the courage and the knowledge to describe what is going on in Mexico under the surface and behind the scenes and off the beaten track along which the personally conducted tourist is carefully guided? The answer to this suggestion obviously would be that the Mexican Government would not permit any such lecture to be given. But if it does permit and endorse the lectures reprinted in this book, that would indicate that the Committee on Cultural Relations has no right to call itself sincerely nonpartisan.

Dr. Macfarland's new book, **Chaos in Mexico**, is of more than ordinary value, partly because it appears just "at the psychological moment" and also because his testimony comes from precisely the right type of witness. The author needs no introduction to the American public. In ad-

dition to his experience, long and wide, in connection with the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, he has had personal acquaintance with Mexico for a number of years. During a nearly six weeks stay in that country this spring, he interviewed the leaders of both Church and State, and conferred with more than 100 other men and women resident in Mexico. From their Excellencies, Lázaro Cárdenas, President of the Republic; Emilio Portes Gil, Secretary of Foreign Relations; Ignacio García Téllez, Secretary of Public Education, and from the Most Rev. Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate, and the Most Rev. Pascual Díaz, Archbishop of Mexico, he received information at first hand. He is therefore in a position of particular advantage to bear witness to the facts.

His testimony is what one would expect from an intelligent and fair-minded spectator of the Mexican scene. Concerning the main points at issue between Church and State, he affirms definitely that the Mexican Government at present is conducting a cruel and unjust persecution of the Catholic people and is, at the same time, misrepresenting the situation by f a l s e statements. Whatever be the historical origin of the dispute, whatever be the more or less specious excuses presented as justification for its course, the Mexican Government has embarked upon a policy which threatens destruction not only to the Catholic Church and all organized religion, but even to belief in God.

Contrary to other persons less well informed, Dr. Macfarland affirms that the Mexican people as a whole are sincerely Catholic. He seems to think that the present condition of things cannot possibly endure for long; and, reading between the lines, — especially where he speaks of the religious affiliations of the rank and file in the army,—one concludes that an overturn of the present government by violent revolution is perhaps not far away.

What he says with regard to the good moral status of the Mexican clergy and the favorable attitude of the Church towards progressive social legislation, should go far towards counteracting the wild statements on those points which are unfortunately common. Be it remembered that Dr. Macfarland is a m i n i s t e r of the Congregational Church; that he has never wavered in his rejection of the theological teaching of the Catholic Church; that his views with regard to the Middle Ages, the Inquisition and the Papacy are exactly those of the typical minister of the Congregational Church. Yet with this background and these predispositions, he has gone into Mexico to see for himself whether or not there is religious persecution there, and he comes back convinced that there is no room for question about it! In a word, he testifies to the truth, like a man and a Christian. J. McS.

As a Little Child. By Cornelia S. Crane. New York: The Paulist Press. $4.00.

This is an unusually attractive book for children, exquisite both in its physical make-up and in the arrangement of its doctrinal content, pictures and music,—all of which have a definite religious and cultural value.

The doctrinal content includes the Trinity, the Mother of God, Prayer, the Beatitudes, the supernatural and natural virtues, the

Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Lord's Prayer, divided into a series of meditations. Two pages are devoted to the particular subject chosen for the day. On every left-hand page the child will find a picture, both beautiful and appropriate, illustrating in an apt way the carefully selected Bible verses printed beneath it. Every right-hand page is devoted to the musical interpretation of the doctrine presented.

Those who for several years have seen the joyous faces of the children singing Mrs. Crane's melodies from *The Spiritual Way Series* will know that the little ones will be equally happy with the music in As a Little Child. It is the author's aim to arouse their interest in their own little souls, and while they are thus interested, to inculcate religious truth.

On the last page of this lovely book is a picture of a pilgrim in deep thought, under which is written, "All Alone—My Soul and I," a fitting culmination of a series of spiritual meditations. M. B.

Canada and the American Revolution. By George M. Wrong. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

This most recent volume in Professor Wrong's history of Canada is admirable from every standpoint and has an appeal for every kind of reader. It will appeal to those who know something of Canada and to those who do not; to those who like historical works that are interesting and to those who like the ones that are accurate; to those who enjoy good writing and to those who care nothing for style and much for information. The word "and" instead of "in" in the title is correct, for this history is of both Canada "and" the Revolution; and in the latter aspect it makes one of the best short histories of the struggle between England and the Colonies that I know.

For Catholics especially has this volume an appeal. Such a chapter as that on "The Canadians at Home" is at once an inspiration to the Catholic and a rather good thing for him to hand, without comment, to any non-Catholic friend to whom he wishes to give some insight into the Catholic life and spirit. It is an elevating chapter for even the veteran Catholic to read, for the simple eloquence and dignity of its style and its portrayal of priest and people.

Professor Wrong, who is a master of his craft, has the rare ability to make a sentence or a paragraph tell the whole story, whatever subject he treats. Take the mooted question of why Canada did not join the revolting colonies. His discussion of it leaves nothing unsaid; but the whole problem is illuminated and finally settled in two complete and final sentences: "Though passionate idealism for democracy ran from Boston to the far south, on the way north it was checked at the frontier of Canada by another idealism, that of ingrained respect for existing authority. It was an inheritance derived less from loyalty to George III. than from monarchical France and Catholic Rome." C. W. T.

Paul Elmer More and American Criticism. By Robert Shafer. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4.00.

Dr. Shafer's opening section is the most satisfactory part of his study. He finds in our prevailing tendency to disregard judgments, the root of the whole modern debacle; he insists that such work as Eliot's *Wasteland* and Joyce's *Ulysses* is without value except as a "sign of

the times"; and he cogently illustrates the grave danger in our sedulous preaching of the gospel of literary freedom. Nor does he expect much help, in our critical chaos, from either philosophers or scientists. For the former "have withdrawn into a corner of their own"; and the latter are too often only sociologists with some deterministic theory of human behavior which would encourage expressionism—holding, for example, that Joyce could not help writing as he did, or that "all the literary compositions amongst us are beautiful."

Where, then, can we turn? To Paul Elmer More, whose intellectual life is traced in worshipful detail: his early abandonment of Calvinism, drift toward scientific rationalism, subscription to Platonism, acceptance of dualism, and interest in Anglicanism—the descendant of the "Orthodox Church." More found that the trouble with orthodox religion "was that it played fast and loose with the phenomenal world in an attempt to secure for its interpretations of life a basis in absolute certitude." Though he was driven from the "out-worn husk of Christianity," he recognized man's need "for an active, organized centre, for a society or church, devoted to the faith implicit in dualism." And yet, he denounced Rome "for a betrayal of Christianity." Might not Dr. Shafer have been more honestly discerning in here pointing out the illogic in More's position after he had realized "that there can be no substitute for religion"? How could More have refused to sacrifice "either the substance or the spirit of the Christian tradition" and yet insist upon dropping "the dead weight carried by Roman Catholicism"?

Both the strength and weaknesses of Humanism are emphatically suggested in this book. Dr. Shafer is forceful on the question of standards. But I don't think he has quite found out what standards are. He speaks of More's courtesy and urbanity; and yet he himself can sneer at "Comrade" Hicks, "Comrade" Calverton, or Lewisohn. He can, for example, apply this Spingarn quotation to Lewisohn: "A Jew . . . seeking to conquer America for his children." He insists that More has been "authentically concerned with the first and last things of human experience"; but he neglects to tell us that More had a ticket for Rome and stopped for the rest of his life at Princeton. He says that his hero has "traversed the whole tangled field of modern thought." Should he not have made it clearer that More never found his way entirely out of those tangled fields?

C. McC.

The Abbey of Evolayne. By Paule Régnier. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.00.

This book comes to us from France by way of Samuel Sloan's translation. It has been honored with the distinguished America-France Award, with the Grand Prize for the novel of the year by the Académie Française, and it was a choice here of the Catholic Book Club. In it a famous Parisian surgeon, Michel Adrian, and his beautiful and gracious wife Adelaide, happen on the Abbey of Evolayne in the course of a random vacation trip. They are a sophisticated highly cultured pair, and have reached a point in life where the sweets of society cloy and a more substantial food is craved.

Through a college friend of

Michel, now a Benedictine monk, Father Athanase, they become familiar with the Abbey of Evolayne and are presently brought back to the Faith from which they had both long since drifted away. Michel later realizes that he has a call to the monastic life, and Adelaide, in reflection of his ardor, decides to enter a neighboring cloister. After much cautious preparation and many difficult tests, they renounce each other and embrace the religious life. Seven years later Michel is ordained, supremely happy in his vocation; but by that time Adelaide has realized that her life lies in the world, nor can she really control her love and longing for the husband she has renounced.

This theme would need to be handled with utmost skill and delicacy. Mme. Régnier has succeeded admirably, and has given us a precious study of sensitive souls, contrasted in their attitudes toward God, in their acceptance of the spiritual ideal, and in their reaction to human relationships. It is of course a study, also, of the conflict in the individual soul between the higher spirituality and the legitimate human appetites which would impede its progress.

As such, its appreciation demands a reader of keen spiritual perception. C. A.

I Speak for the Silent. Prisoners of the Soviets. By Vladimir V. Tchernavin. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.50.

Epic of unconscious heroism though this book is, it is not dramatic. It is too starkly, savagely realistic for that. It will be argued by friends of the Soviet régime that the book is biased, one-sided. As to that phase of Soviet life of which it treats, it is hard for decent minds to perceive that there is more than one side.

Those who have followed objectively the history of the Soviets will find much of what M. Tchernavin writes supported by other sources, some of them high in the Kremlin itself. In his account of the OGPU methods of examining prisoners, we find an adequate explanation of the puzzling testimony of one of the English prisoners in the Vickers case of some three years ago. It is quite understandable why an innocent man would not only "confess" to crimes he had not committed, but would "denounce" old friends and associates as "accomplices" in these and other nonexistent crimes.

Interesting material on Soviet religious freedom is found in the description of the imprisonment of priests for "counter-revolutionary activities"—an invention of Soviet jurisprudence which appears to be one of the most comprehensive hanging charges ever devised by the mind of man. Charges of "speculating in silver" were based on "... the change that the parishioners had put on the plate for the use of the church ... the priests in many cases being sentenced to the highest degree of punishment—shooting, ..." The method used to conceal from the American investigating commission the use of slave labor in the lumber camps shed illuminating light on Soviet labor conditions.

Last May, Stalin unintentionally confirmed the basic accuracy of this book when he told the graduating class of military cadets at the Kremlin that behind these systematic brutalities lay the need to prepare for war. War's insanity alone would justify the policy here detailed in

action. To those misguided American friends of international peace, who look hopefully to the Soviets, M. Tchernavin's work is particularly to be recommended. Indeed no reader desiring an understanding of Soviet psychology and policy should miss reading it. B. C. M'I.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS. — The latest "Studies in Comparative Religion" range from Celtic and Teutonic Religions, by Professors John McNeill and A. J. Carnoy, through Mediæval Christianity, by Christopher Dawson, The Reformation, by H. O. Evennett, M.A., to The Church and the Modern Age, by Christopher Hollis, and Methodism, by Rev. A. Burbridge, S.J. Our Sacrifice is a Mass book for little children written by "Lamplighter," author of the delectable *Children of the Lantern*, and explaining a simple way of offering Mass according to the four "ends"; simply and succinctly The Catholic Way of Worship is stated and explained by Florens Roch, while Rev. William Raemers, C.SS.R., makes an appeal for The King's Crusader, the soldier of Catholic Action who to-day as of old conquers in the Sign of the Cross. Mother Keppel of the Society of the Sacred Heart gives us another chapter in "the story of the Church," the period from 1789 to 1830, An Era of Revolution. Reissues include Rev. Robert Eaton's interesting sketch of the great composer, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina and Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, by Father Lercari, S.J. (London: The Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

A vivid "story of the days of Christ" is told by Rev. William Hendrick, S.J. — Truly Emmanuel; in The Church and Temperance, Rev. John A. O'Brien makes a strong plea for temperance to the youth of today and in The New Knowledge and the Old Faith presents an exceedingly clear and able analysis of the relation of religion to science and science to religion, allies not foes (Huntington, Ind.: The Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents each). The value of Father O'Brien's treatment of The New Knowledge and the Old Faith is recognized also by The Paulist Press of New York which presents it in a different style and type face (5 cents). The Paulist Press adds to its series of devotional booklets for children, The Rosary for Children, by Sister Mary Viola, S.N.D., most attractive in text and illustration except that some of the sorrowful mysteries are too strongly accentuated for the sensitive and imaginative child (10 cents).

The Catholic Mind of April 22d contains articles of varied and sustained interest: "Pope Pius XI and Lourdes" gives the Holy Father's Letter on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of the apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes; Right Rev. John L. Belford treats of "Prejudice, Its Cause and Cure"; "Communism in Mexico" is by Marie R. Madden, Ph.D., and "Poetry and Prayer" by Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J. The issue of May 8th, fittingly devoted to the two recently canonized martyrs of England, contains the allocution of His Holiness and articles by the Archbishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Nottingham and by Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J.; that of May 22d reprints a number of addresses delivered on various occasions, notably Father LaFarge's "Rome and the Oriental Separatists" (New York: The America Press, 5 cents each issue).

A sketch of Saint Louise de Marillac, an account of The Institute of

the Sisters of the Good Samaritan and a famous sermon by Father Tom Burke, O.P., on The Confessional constitute the recent output of the Australian Catholic Truth Society (Melbourne, 5 cents each). The brief sketch of Father Chaminade, founder of the Society of Mary, written by Rev. Herbert Kramer, S.M., introduces us to scenes of the Terror in France as well as to the character of a saint (Kirkwood, Mo.: The Maryhurst Press, 10 cents). Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., pokes pointed fun at certain flagrant types in Pardon My Manners and packs much sane and timely advice into How to Pick a Successful Career (St. Louis: Queen's Work Press, 10 cents). A Second Book of Things for Liturgical and Devotional Use in a novel and most alluring way presents the work done by the Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic of Ditchling Common, Sussex. It is a record rather than a catalogue, yet it invites by text and illustration new customers to the Guild devoted to the expression of Catholic Faith in Catholic art.

International Conciliation for April discusses "The International Labour Organization" and the possibilities of the membership of the United States. The discussion articles are by E. J. Phelan, Manley O. Hudson and James T. Shotwell. The May issue gives us the full text of important documents and debates about which attention has centered for some months past, such as the debate in the House of Lords on "The Meaning of the Pact of Paris," Chancellor Hitler's statement of March 16th announcing military conscription in Germany, etc. (New York: 405 West 117th Street, 5 cents).

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. C. M'I.: Bruce Colin MacIvor, writer and critic, New York City.

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League. author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

C. A.: Claire (Mrs. Thaddeus G.) Armstrong, artist and critic, Port Washington, N. Y.

C. McC.: Camille McCole, writer and critic, Professor of English, St. John's University, Brooklyn; Lecturer at College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, N. J.; at Notre Dame College, Staten Island, and at Hunter College, New York City.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, Scarsdale, N. Y.; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times;* author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

M. B.: Mother Margaret Bolton, Religious of the Cenacle, New York City; educator and writer; author of *The Spiritual Way Series*, etc.

P. G.: Rev. Peter Guilday, Ph.D., LL.D., J.U.D., F.R.H.S., L.H.D., Professor of American Church History, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., founder of the Catholic Historical Association and Editor of the *Catholic Historical Review;* associate editor of *Speculum;* author of *Life and Times of John Carroll, Life and Times of John England*, etc.

R. J. S. H.: Ross J. S. Hoffman, M.A., Ph.D., Professor on the Faculty of History, New York University; author of *Restoration, Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ASSOCIATION PRESS, New York:
Yearbook of the American Churches, 1935 Edition. Edited by Herman C. Weber, D.D. $2.00.
"Hail!" Cry the Dead. Edited by Frederick A. Barber. $1.50.

THE DIAL PRESS, New York:
Musicians Talk. By Leonora Wood Armsby. $2.50.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Doctor's Bill. By Hugh Cabot. $3.00. *Monetary Mischief.* By George Buchan Robinson. $2.00.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., New York:
Kate Chase, Dominant Daughter. By Mary Merwin Phelps. $3.00.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
Away to the Gaspé. By Gordon Brinley. Illustrated by Putnam Brinley. $2.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Official Catholic Directory for the Year of Our Lord 1935. Complete Edition. $3.50 and $4.00.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
New Ideal Catholic Readers: *One Happy Year with Dick and Dot.* By the Sisters of St. Joseph of Boston. 60 cents. The Christ-Life Series in Religion: *A Child of God, The Redeeming Sacrifice,* by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., Ph.D., Dom Basil Stegmann, O.S.B., S.T.D., and the Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic. 68 cents each. *The King of the Great Clock Tower.* By William Butler Yeats. $1.50. *God's Soldier: General William Booth.* By St. John Ervine. Vols. I. and II. $7.50.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & CO., New York:
Out of the Whirlwind. By William Thomas Walsh. $2.50. *The London Scene.* By H. V. Morton. $2.50.

SHEED & WARD, New York:
The Angel of the Schools. By Raïssa Maritain. Translated by Julie Kernan. $1.25. *Isabella the Crusader.* By William Thomas Walsh. $2.50. *The Spiritual Letters of Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.* Edited with a Foreward by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B. $2.00. *Four Independents.* By Daniel Sargent. $2.00.

THE STUDIO PUBLICATIONS, New York:
Royal London. Edited by F. A. Mercer. $2.00.

THE VIKING PRESS, New York:
Paths of Glory. By Humphrey Cobb. $2.50.

ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS, Paterson, N. J.:
A Question of Lovers and Other Poems. By Sister M. Madeleva. $1.25.

FROM AUTHOR, Pilot Grove, Mo.:
The Apostles' Creed. By Rev. Richard Felix, O.S.B. $1.00.

B. HERDER BOOK CO., St. Louis, Mo.:
A History of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. Fernand Mourret, S.S. Translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Vol. II. $4.00.

INTERNATIONAL MARK TWAIN SOCIETY, Webster Groves, Mo.:
The Literary Education of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. By Cyril Clemens. $1.00.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:
The Catholic Literary Revival. By Calvert Alexander, S.J. $2.50. *Christ.* By Rev. F. J. Mueller. $1.50.

THE MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee, Wis.:
The Fate of Man in the Modern World. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Translated by Donald A. Lowrie. $1.25.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, Norma, Okla.:
After Coronado. By Alfred B. Thomas. $3.50.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London:
The Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book. 1935. 5 *s.* *The Catholic Directory.* 1935. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

SOCIEDAD "SAN MIGUEL," Buenos Aires:
Theologia Moralis. Auctore Josepho Ubach, S.J. Vols. I. and II.

L'ARTISAN DU LIVRE, Paris:
La pensée de Machiavel en France. Par Albert Cherel.

LA MAISON DE LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris:
Celui qui nous aima. Par l'Abbé A. Brenon. 6 *fr.* *Tout se paye.* Par Pierre l'Ermite. 5 *fr.* *Ce qui se passe en Allemagne.* 5 *fr.*

DESCLÉE DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris:
Action Catholique spécialisée. Par Pierre Bayart.

BERNARD GRASSET, Paris:
La Fin de la Nuit. Par François Mauriac. 15 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
La Vierge Marie. Par R. P. Monsabré, O.P. Extraits rassemblés par le Chanoine J. Chapeau. 12 *fr.* *Pax Vobis.* Par H. Riondel, S.J. 12 *fr.*

GRAND SÉMINAIRE, Toulouse:
Le Problème du Salut des Infidèles. Par Louis Capéran. Tomes I. et II.

ST. JOSEPH'S APOSTOLIC SEMINARY, Alwaye, S. India:
Is There a God? By Z.O.C.D. (Father Zacharias). 30 cents.